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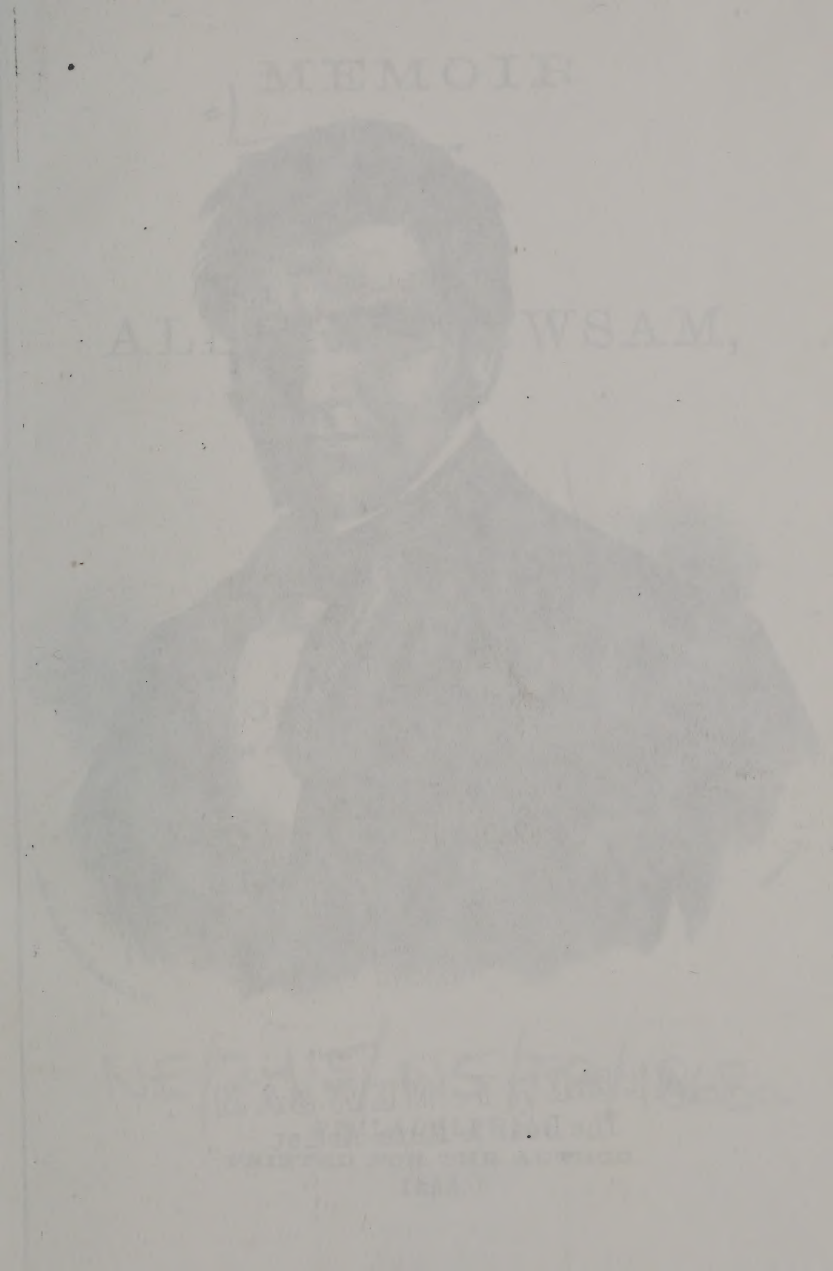

ALBERT NEWSAM

The Deaf & Mute Artist.

MEMOIR

OF

ALBERT NEWSAM,

(DEAF MUTE ARTIST,)

BY

JOSEPH O. PYATT.

MUTE INSTRUCTOR IN THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

DIRECTORS

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION

FOR THE

DEAF AND DUMB,

WHERE THE AUTHOR AND SUBJECT OF THE FOLLOWING MEMOIR
WERE FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE LIGHT AND
BLESSINGS OF KNOWLEDGE, THIS
NARRATIVE IS, WITH
SINCERE GRATITUDE, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

By the Author.

418853

PREFACE.

THE following memoir was prepared by the author, as a tribute to the genius of one who began to feel the attractive beauty of nature and art at a very early period of life, in spite of his deprivation of the inestimable blessings of hearing and speech, and who was, in after years, one of those men who rise in the world more from original excellence in one, than from skill in various departments. The eminence which Albert Newsam attained in the lithographic art, will, doubtless, confer upon him an enduring name in its annals. His name is already familiar to the artistic world, and the productions of his pencil, in the lithographic line, have never been equalled by any other artist engaged in that branch of the fine arts in this country.

The incidents of his life will present a remarkable history, which will, we trust, be read with deep interest by every person.

In the preparation of the narrative, the author has been abundantly supplied with authentic materials. His re-

searches have been aided by a long acquaintance with the deceased, and by information obtained from a number of his friends, to whom he takes this opportunity to tender his grateful acknowledgments. All the incidents of the narrative are believed to be historically correct, and the memoir wholly free from matter of a doubtful character.

The aim of the author has been to present to his brothers and sisters in misfortune, as well as to his more fortunate fellow-citizens, a faithful account of one of the most truly gifted and eminent artists, in his peculiar line, in America.

MEMOIR

OF

ALBERT NEWSAM.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

ALBERT NEWSAM was a native of Steubenville, the capital of Jefferson county, in Ohio. Steubenville was a very small village when he was ushered into being; but it is now a large and pleasant town, finely situated on the elevated bank of the Ohio river, about thirty miles from Pittsburg, and is surrounded by a beautiful country. It is the centre of a very extensive trade, and the seat of flourishing manufactories of various kinds, which are supplied with fuel from the inexhaustible mines of coal in the vicinity. The town contains, besides the county buildings, more than twelve Churches, two or three Banks, an Academy for boys, and a female

Seminary which is highly flourishing and has a widely extended reputation. This establishment, which cost forty thousand dollars, is pleasantly situated on the river.

On the 20th of May, 1809, in a retired part of that town, Albert Newsam was born, a deaf mute. It is true that Steubenville had the honor of giving birth to such a distinguished artist as Newsam, yet in whatever place or State he was born, he was fed, clothed and educated in Pennsylvania, and to her he owed his inspiration and advancement in art; therefore, he was the legitimate son of this State.

In regard to the particulars of his parentage and kindred, there was a mystery which no one could venture to explain, until young Newsam was placed by Providence in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Philadelphia, in the year 1820. This circumstance led to a singular discovery, of which a full account will be given in this memoir. Now, all that is known with certainty, is that Albert was the son of William Newsam, a poor boatman on the Ohio river, who was accidentally drowned; but who his mother was, and what became of her, it is utterly impossible to say.

At first, the fortunes of this interesting child

must have been dark and sad. How old he was when his father died, we do not know, but we think that he must have been a very little child. The painful discovery was made, that he was a deaf mute from birth, and became an orphan in infancy, and that his father was a poor man, and left him entirely destitute of friends and means of support. But misfortune has often proved a kind and compassionate nurse, and, with physical defects, frequently excites a warmer sympathy and a deeper love. Through the mysterious interposition of Divine Providence, the place of the father was supplied by a Mr. Thomas Hamilton, a person generous and kind, who brought up the child, and watched over him with care and even fondness. He was a warm-hearted Irishman and a respectable hotel-keeper, whose house was at the head of the village of Steubenville. How long Albert was under the protection of that good old man, we could never ascertain. From that period he was more cheerful, and continued to look upon his benefactor with a reverential fondness, which time only served to strengthen and confirm. He was obedient and respectful to his guardian, and tried to please him as much as he could, for gratitude was ever one of the strongest feelings of his nature. Of Mr. Hamilton, he could never speak without feel-

ings of deep emotion, oftentimes with tears, at the parental manner in which he had been treated during his childhood; and he used often to say that he was a father to him in kindness, and that love, obedience and respect from him were due to his kind patron. This grateful feeling was a beautiful trait in the character of young Newsam.

In the summer of 1836, on the eve of my departure for Pittsburg, I took leave of Mr. Newsam, who, at the middle of his distinguished career, made a special and friendly request. It was that, on going to his native place, I should call on his old guardian, see the spot where he was raised, make a correct description of the principal objects, and give him a full account of the visit on my return. It was a touching incident, which I have never been able since to forget. At the height of his fame as an artist, Newsam's heart warmly yearned towards the scenes of his childhood, and he was very anxious to visit Steubenville with me; but he said that his professional engagements prevented him. He earnestly requested me to go to that town to obtain as much information as possible for him. Feeling in my heart that he could not doubt the fidelity with which the parting request would be fulfilled, I assured him that I would do all in my

power to gratify his anxiety. On my arrival at Steubenville, the first thing which I did was to call upon Mr. Hamilton, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Newsam. In this manner I became acquainted with that kind-hearted old gentleman. I was much pleased with his personal appearance; he was, certainly, a fine and genial-looking man. He asked me many questions concerning Mr. Newsam. I had the satisfaction of finding that he had been destined to live to rejoice in the well-earned and brilliant reputation which Mr. Newsam acquired in the meridian of his life. He invited me to partake of his hospitality during my sojourn in Steubenville, which I had to decline, giving, as a sufficient reason, the shortness of my visit and the necessity under which I was, of going to Virginia to visit some old friends. But the old gentleman, whose hospitality would not allow a stranger to pass by without attention, would listen to no excuses; he said to me that I was Mr. Newsam's friend, and he desired to entertain me for his sake, and to make me acquainted with several prominent citizens in the town who knew Mr. Newsam well. To this argument I yielded, not without reluctance, and became a guest in his family and remained with him for three days. Before my visit to Steubenville, I had become acquainted

with his nephew, William Hamilton, a distinguished member of the Pittsburg Bar, and a friend of my father, who used to be a playmate of Albert in his childhood, at his uncle's residence. All the time I was at the gentleman's house, he was very kind and attentive to me. This put me in mind of what he had done for Albert while under his roof, and gave me additional evidence of the goodness of his heart.

Mr. Hamilton gave me a very short but interesting history of little Albert, but could not give any account respecting his mother and kindred. All the time I was in Steubenville, I availed myself of the opportunity to make inquiries of those gentlemen (to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Hamilton), concerning Newsam's parentage, but they were not able to give me any information.

In his youthful days, the character of Albert, as a child, was distinguished by those qualities of mildness and amiability which marked him and endeared him, in after years, to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

It could not be ascertained at what age his natural disposition towards the art of drawing began to manifest itself, and how this came upon him in a place where the fine arts were unknown, and where it is probable there was

nothing around him to excite his imagination. But it may be supposed that a short time after he escaped from infantile pursuits, he was led, by the instinct of his genius, to have recourse to drawing, and became an artist by natural inspiration. The indication of genius in many others, is nothing compared to that of Albert Newsam, considering his deprivation of hearing and speech, and his being simply the son of a poor boatman.

The first display in the infant mind of Albert, was curious, and, we think, still more so, from its occurring where there was scarcely a specimen of the arts. While he was one day in his room, he cast his eyes on a cat lying by, the form of which he sketched on the floor thereof with a piece of chalk. It was probably a rude drawing, but it must have borne a striking resemblance to the animal. Mr. Hamilton could not say how old he was when he first gave the indication of a genius for drawing. Albert did not tell us whether this was the first picture that he drew.

This curious incident deserves consideration in several points of view. The sketch must have had some merit, since the likeness was so obvious, indicating how early the hand of the child possessed the power of representing the observations of his eyes. It is still more re-

markable, as he could not speak or hear, and as there was no display of the fine arts in the backwoods at the time he came into the world. It must be considered as one of the first instances in the history of art in which the primitive inspiration of genius can be traced to a particular circumstance after the occurrence of the incident.

The success of this experiment encouraged Albert to make similar attempts; he felt that he had the ability to make pictures of things, and that he could imitate the forms of those things which pleased his sight. From this time, his love of art continued to grow upon him. With no other guides (nature was his master), than perhaps such prints as he could find in books and his own enthusiasm, he made drawings, in which his friends, who now began to be attracted by his progress, probably perceived an increasing accuracy and a growing freedom. He used to fill his copy-books with pencilings of flowers and trees. He continued to draw various objects on paper, with lead-pencil, on boards and walls with chalk, and sometimes on the ground with sticks. He was also in the habit of going out into the country, for the purpose of sketching animals from life. There was nothing that afforded him more pleasure than to gaze at pictures; and he

would view them for hours with the enthusiastic rapture of a true artist, and then retire in secret to copy them. Whenever any one took away his pictures, he would weep for a long time, until they were restored to him.

Deprived by nature of hearing and speech, the tracing figures of men and animals, and whatever pleased his fancy, with the rude materials which he had at hand, could not but be a source of amusement for his mind and a solace for his misfortune. In process of time, the rude outlines of the productions of the child must have become more elegant and regular; and by the time he was about ten years old, his sketches must have been of such promise as to foretell his future eminence.

Mr. Newsam often expressed to us his great regret that he had preserved no specimen of his youthful productions; it is, therefore, impossible to speak with certainty of the merits of those early efforts. However, he remarked that they might have been deficient in grace, but that they must have been true to nature, and remarkable for their fidelity of resemblance.

While Mr. Newsam and myself were on a visit to Hartford, in 1853, Mr. Weld showed Mr. Newsam a crayon drawing, representing ancient Jerusalem and its ruins, that the latter

had made and presented to that gentleman during his pupilage in our Institution. We examined that picture closely, and found that it was beautifully executed, evincing talent of a high order. Mr. Newsam was very anxious to repossess the picture, but Mr. Weld politely refused to let him have it, saying that it was of great value.

In consequence of his natural infirmity, he found himself not only neglected, but an object of aversion; he was much annoyed and ridiculed by his youthful companions, who imagined him to be a fine subject for their mirth and derision. They, however, ceased to treat him in this manner, upon witnessing some of the early fruits of his genius, and noticing his amiable and submissive disposition, which seldom induced retaliation. After viewing these juvenile productions with surprise and admiration, they were induced to change their entire course of conduct towards him, and continued to treat him with deference, out of respect to the genius which they had perceived in one who had so lately been an object of their sport and derision.

When Newsam was about ten years of age, a new era commenced in his life, which, in the language of Col. Duffee, "Changed its entire current, and from whence were sifted the sands

of gold that had remained hitherto embedded, as it were, in its stream." There came to Steubenville a mendicant impostor, who called himself William P. Davis (we doubt whether that was his real name). This person succeeded in making the acquaintance of Mr. Hamilton, by taking lodgings at his hotel. While there, he took notice of the orphan boy, and learning that he was a deaf mute like himself, he pretended to feel a deep interest in him, and proposed to take him and provide for him. Mr. Hamilton, who appears to have believed him to be an honest and well-meaning man, and that he would take good care of the boy, readily consented to this proposition, furnished him with a new suit of clothes, and then delivered him into his hands. Mr. Newsam observed to us that Mr. Hamilton was a credulous man, and that he was not a good judge of human nature, as he had been imposed on by so unprincipled an individual as Davis; and he regretted much that he should have put him under the protection of this cunning man; but it must have been permitted by Divine Providence for his future good.

The scoundrel immediately quitted Steubenville, probably with the hidden purpose of making use of the unfortunate boy to excite the charity of strangers, and levy contribu-

tions upon them through commiseration for his misfortune. In pursuit of his sordid motives he was successful. After leaving his native place, and walking a long distance, Albert became alarmed at the change, and earnestly besought him to return with him to his home, which he refused to do in such a surly manner, that he was afraid of him (he could talk by signs and gestures, which is the natural language of deaf mutes before instruction). Davis, however, succeeded in pacifying him, and encouraged him to go on by writing the word Philadelphia, in large letters, whither he signified he was going; and as Albert understood the writing (having learned penmanship in a school at Steubenville), he became satisfied and willing to journey on. While on their way to Philadelphia, Davis frequently made him sketch objects upon the ground with his fingers or with sticks, in order to attract the attention of bystanders and solicit contributions. In every place where they halted for rest, Davis represented Albert to be his brother, whom he was taking to Philadelphia to have him educated in a school for deaf mutes, which, he was told, had lately been founded, and continued to seek help from the benevolent to effect his purpose. By this method he obtained a large sum of money, which he concealed in his pocket, as

Newsam told us. This proves that he was actuated by the most sordid motives. While travelling, it was this man's habit to converse with persons in different places by writing upon Albert's slate, and to solicit conveyance upon wagons and stages and other vehicles for Albert and himself. After a delay of some time, they reached Philadelphia in May, 1820. On their arrival, their condition was, in a high degree, destitute and deplorable, and excited the sympathy of those who understood that they were both deaf mutes. At that period, the watchmen's boxes were a feature on the corners of the streets. After penetrating the city, they pushed forward until they reached Fifth and Market streets, where stood a very obscure inn. Being wearied, they stopped at that place. Young Newsam took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and drew on the watch-box a view of the square, between Fifth and Sixth streets, which called the attention of a large number of passers-by. While giving the finishing touches to this, an old gentleman, who then resided on Walnut street, happening to pass by, was at once attracted by the crowd to notice this first of Newsam's Philadelphia pictures, and, making his way to Albert, soon engaged him in conversation upon his old slate. The name of this much-venerated per-

son was Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to whom Davis related their pretended history.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution had recently been established, and was at that time in the building at the southeast corner of Eleventh and Market streets, now the Bingham House. Bishop White was the President of that Institution at that period; David P. Seixas was appointed instructor.

Information was immediately communicated to the Managers of that noble establishment, by Bishop White, that two mutes had just arrived in the city, whose condition entitled them to notice. They were accordingly sought for, and were discovered at the above-described place, by William Meredith, Esq., one of the most prominent citizens in Philadelphia, who perceived that one of these strangers was an adult, and the other a boy about ten years old. This gentleman was at that time one of the Directors of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and zealously engaged in the benevolent design, and very active in its concerns. He had a long interview with Davis, whose ability to write excited his surprise. In the course of this conversation, Davis related to him their history, stating that he was raised near Reading, Pennsylvania; that he had been educated

in the school of the celebrated Abbe Sicard, at Paris, under whom he studied three years; that on his return from Europe, he was informed that his father and mother had removed to the Western country; that he proceeded in search of them, and while in pursuit of them, he found them all dead, with the exception of the little deaf and dumb boy, whose name was Albert N. Davis, whom he had found at Steubenville; and that he had brought him on to Philadelphia in order to have him taught to read and write.

To find whether Davis was an impostor or not, every attempt was made to throw him off his guard by sudden questions or loud and unexpected noises; but all was in vain. The natural privations of his artless companion, whom he represented to be his brother, could not for a moment be questioned, and Davis' style of writing was marked by the peculiarities of the deaf and dumb in the earlier stages of their education. So suspicion was completely lulled, and no one could doubt this tale which the impostor had contrived. Mr. Meredith generously furnished Davis and Albert, each, with a plain suit of clothes. After some persuasion, Davis consented to leave Albert at the Institution until his return from Richmond, in Virginia, to which place he said

he was going in search of some other relatives, residing in the South, and also to obtain a sum of money due to the estate of their father. He further said that he would soon write from Washington city. After receiving some valuable clothing, and being furnished with means to defray his travelling expenses, he took his departure for Richmond, leaving the boy behind him, and promising that he would return as soon as he had accomplished the wish of his heart. So this hard-hearted villain deserted the helpless boy forever; and from that time to the present, nothing has been heard of his movements, though circumstances have transpired which leave no doubt of his being an impostor and kidnapper. It is supposed that after Albert's admission into the school, Davis was apprehensive that some disclosure would be made of his villainy, and the Managers would expose and punish him; therefore, he put himself beyond their reach, as he could not be found after a diligent search.

Immediately after the departure of this person, Providence opened the door of charity for the orphan boy. The Managers of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, who believed the tale, took into consideration the condition of the boy who had been delivered over to them. A Committee had been appointed for the purpose

of admitting pupils into the school. A meeting of the Committee was held for that object on the 15th of May, 1820, at the house of Mr. Meredith, and there were present the Rev. Dr. P. F. Mayer, Dr. Chapman, General C. Irvine, J. Durand and Jacob Gratz, Esqrs., whose names must be recorded to the honor of human nature. They were informed of the misfortunes of Davis and Albert, of their nativity in the State of Pennsylvania, of their intended journey to Richmond to see a brother who resided there, and of Davis' desire that his brother, Albert, should be admitted into the school as a pupil. On motion of Dr. Mayer, that Albert should at once be admitted, that noble resolution was unanimously adopted. It was further resolved, that the offer made by Mr. Seixas, to take charge of the boy, be accepted, and compensation be allowed him for his services, which resolution was agreed to. These honorable proceedings on their part are worthy of the enlightened and liberal character of our free institutions, where the path to education is open to all, and the chaplet of honor ever ready to be bestowed upon those who are the most meritorious. Albert was accordingly placed in the Institution as a State pupil, and from this time he became the protege of that humane establishment.

The subject of our memoir soon became an object of greater concern and sympathy, when it was ascertained that he had been the associate, and probably the dupe, of so wicked a person as Davis. Every effort was employed to discover his real history. Still, there was a mystery as to his name, birth and parentage. It was some time before his mind could be reached by questions which he could comprehend, or his ideas become so far developed as to enable him, satisfactorily, to reply. He often declared that the person in whose company he first appeared, was not a relative, but had enticed him away from his home, probably with a view to aid him in imposing on the benevolent. In the course of his instruction, a wonderful change came over the boy. He was naturally good and amiable, and only needed kindness and sympathy to develop his better qualities. He learned rapidly, and at length became one of the best pupils in the Institution. His gratitude to the Directors and to the Legislature knew no bounds, and he endeavored to please his benefactors all the time he had been in the Institution.

His first communication with respect to his former residence, and from where he had been kidnapped, was a drawing that he made, representing a town on the margin of a river,

which, after many unsuccessful attempts to find any place resembling it, was at last recognized, by an accidental visitor, to be Steubenville, in Ohio. This shows that Albert's memory was a remarkably retentive one, and he remembered every part of his native place. Soon after this interesting discovery, there came to Philadelphia, from that town, a gentleman by the name of Wright, who was taken to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. At the same time, his attention was attracted by the emotion displayed by young Albert. When he had gained Mr. Wright's attention, he sketched rapidly, but so faithfully the outlines of a house, that Mr. Wright recognized it to be his residence in Steubenville. Then an adjoining street was delineated, and then a particular house in it, which Mr. Wright remembered to have seen, sometime before, occupied by a woman who had a deaf and dumb son stolen from her. Mr. Wright instantly designated the boy as Albert Newsam, whose father, he said, had been a boatman on the Ohio river, and was drowned; but concerning any other relatives, he could not give any account; nor has any information been since obtained.

In 1840, Mr. Newsam visited his native place, towards which his heart had yearned for so many years. He had the pleasure of

meeting his old guardian, who was still living. At first, Mr. Hamilton did not know him; but when Mr. Newsam mentioned his name, he was at once recognized. It was indeed a joyful meeting. Mr. Hamilton was struck with the great change which had come over him since he left Steubenville. While there, he made every attempt to obtain information respecting his parents and other relatives, but to no purpose; all his inquiries could not be answered, and, therefore, he was sorry to be obliged to give up all thoughts of having any knowledge of his connections.

After two or three weeks' sojourn, he quitted Steubenville, on his way to Virginia, to see an old schoolfellow of his. On his return to his adopted city, he expressed to us his regret that he was without a relative on earth. Upon this, we assured him that a good name was his most precious *jewel* in the world, and that he had many excellent friends, who were warmly attached to him.

His history would, undoubtedly, furnish rich materials for the novelist or the dramatist.

CHAPTER II.

NEWSAM'S EDUCATION.

BEFORE I am to enter into a full explanation of his literary acquirements, which were, in after years, respectable, I think it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of the life and services of that excellent man, Lewis Weld, Esq., because he was Newsam's principal and instructor for some years.

Lewis Weld was born in Hampton, in Connecticut, on the 17th of October, 1796. His father was, for about thirty years, pastor of the Congregational Church in that town. His grandfather, and others of his ancestors, were also ministers of the gospel. After finishing his preparatory studies at the academy, in his native place, he was sent to Yale College, in

1814, where he graduated, in regular course, with honor to himself, in 1818. While at college, he was distinguished for diligent and faithful attention to all exercises, and a conscientious discharge of his duties as a student. Although moral and correct in his deportment, he was not a professor of religion before he entered Yale College; but in the beginning of his college course, he was led by God to a serious consideration of the claims of the divine law, and of the necessity of looking upon the Saviour for renewing grace. He then commenced the life of a sincere Christian, which he maintained to the last moment of his life with singular steadiness and consistency. He intended to become a clergyman, like his good and pious father, but this was not the will of Providence. The path of duty was, subsequently, to open before him in a different direction, and he was to enter a new field of Christian philanthropy, in which he was destined to devote his life to the mental and moral training of an unfortunate class of mankind. The first institution for the education of deaf mutes in this country, was established in Hartford, April 8, 1817, by that eminent Christian philanthropist, the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet. In the spring of the next year, the number of pupils increased so rapidly, that it became necessary to

procure more teachers. Accordingly the Directors applied to the officers of Yale College for young men of piety and talents such as to qualify them for this work. Mr. Weld was one of those persons recommended by the Faculty of that college, and was engaged as an instructor in the then infant school. He entered upon the discharge of his duties at the Asylum in May, 1818, where he labored with indomitable industry and energy, taking a high stand as a sign-maker and practical teacher for four years and a half. He had expected to remain there for two or three years only, until he should obtain means for prosecuting his theological studies, intending to follow the profession of a preacher; but becoming satisfied with this field of usefulness, in which he might do as much good as in the ministry, he abandoned all thoughts of being a clergyman, and decided to devote all his life to the cause of the deaf and dumb, which he did to the end with remarkable energy, faithfulness and zeal.

In 1822, he was, at his own request, released from his engagements with the Asylum, to accept the important and responsible office of Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia. The Directors of that Institution, in their report for the year 1822, thus expressed their satisfaction

in having secured his important services: "This gentleman, liberally educated at Yale College, has been zealously and successfully employed in teaching the deaf and dumb for four years and a half; and his excellent attainments in the art, in connection with his moral character and habits of discipline, to which the Directors at Hartford bear testimony, leave no room to doubt that this Institution will accomplish every reasonable wish of its patrons." In the autumn of that year he assumed the duties of that high office in our Institution, and discharged them with ability, dignity and success, and to the entire satisfaction of its friends for nearly eight years.

In the year 1830, the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the first Principal of the Asylum at Hartford, being compelled by failing health to relinquish his post of usefulness, Mr. Weld was recalled, by the Directors of that Institution, to succeed him. The Managers of the Pennsylvania Institution, in accepting his resignation, thus expressed their grief at the loss of his services: "It is with the most sincere regret, the Board have acquiesced in the wishes of Mr. Weld, and released him from the important and responsible office he has so long and so ably filled. Called to superintend this

Institution almost in its infancy, they have been mainly indebted to his talents, industry and devotion to the moral and intellectual culture of his pupils, for the gratifying result of their efforts to alleviate the misfortunes and improve the condition of these interesting children. They have experienced both pride and pleasure from the progress of their pupils, under a system of education digested and matured by him, which has met with the most unqualified approbation from all who have examined its details or observed its effects."

In the Autumn of that year Mr. Weld was placed in the important and responsible position of principal in the Asylum, the Directors of which, in their report for the year 1854, thus observed: "He sustained himself in it with honor to himself and to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors for nearly twenty-three years. The number of pupils, during his administration, increased from one hundred and nineteen to two hundred. In the management of the affairs of the Institution at home, and with the authorities of the States which have patronized it, he uniformly manifested sound judgment and good practical common sense, which contributed in no small degree to its prosperity and high standing among similar institutions." For several of the last years of his

life Mr. Weld was subject to a distressing disease which proved to be an aggravated form catarrh. It gradually extended to the mucous membranes of the throat and lungs, producing a chronic cough which often thrilled his breast with agony. Not only for the benefit of his health, but to acquire a knowledge of the art of teaching deaf mutes to articulate, and of any improvements that had already been made in the system of deaf mute instruction abroad, he was sent to Europe in the Spring of 1844, by the Board of Directors with instructions to visit as many of the institutions for deaf mutes in Great Britain and on the Continent as he could. In pursuance of this object he sailed from New York for England, and travelled through Europe for several months, visiting the principal schools, and obtained a large amount of valuable information respecting the methods of instruction and management adopted in these institutions. On his return from Europe, his health was benefitted in a great measure; but after resuming his arduous labors, his old complaint reappeared, and continued to maintain its hold upon his system without any interruption, until it exhausted the energies of an iron constitution and overcame the resistance of a resolute will. Now the state of his health was such as to compel him to ask the Directors to release

him from all his duties, in order that he might try the effect of a sea voyage and of foreign travel. In consideration of his important services, they gladly and kindly voted to relieve him entirely for a year from the care of the Institution, while his salary should be continued; and to enable him to visit Europe without recourse to his own salary they generously granted him a gratuity of one thousand dollars. In August, 1853, he set sail from New York for England, and travelled for nearly four months in Germany and France but did not receive any benefit. Finding that his strength was failing, and needing the quiet and the comforts of home, he sailed from Liverpool on the 30th of November, arrived at New York on the 11th of December, and reached home on the day following. Still he was comparatively better for several days, and was able to see his friends and pupils once more, for which he frequently expressed his sincere gratitude to God with deep emotion. Until the 30th of December, which was the last day of his life, he rose at the usual hour in the morning, conducted his family devotions, and passed his time in conversing with the members of his family and his friends who called to see him. On that day he expired suddenly and unexpectedly, of congestion of the lungs, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He

thus died as every good man would desire to die. The Directors observed in their report for 1854: "His death was sudden at least, but in the contest with the king of terrors, which came upon him unexpectedly, he was not disconcerted. He was sustained by the hope of the Christian and by the consolations of that gospel which he had so long cherished as his choicest treasure." As to his religious views and habits he was for many years a constant and useful member and deacon of the church in Hartford. His character was pure. It was remarked by a gentleman now engaged, if living, in the ministry, who was his room-mate at College, that "his religious standing was of a high order. He was a man of God, because a man of prayer. He started fair, and he held on his way: he endured unto the end and is saved." He was eminently a practical man. The prominent traits of his character were conscientiousness and firmness. His administration both in the Asylum at Hartford and in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia was marked by equal vigor, firmness and discretion, and was singularly efficient and successful. The moral and intellectual culture of the deaf and dumb, to whom he was warmly attached, engaged his close attention for so many years. He was a man of attractive and

imposing personal appearance, with a head of fine intellectual developments—his pleasing complexion, high round head which was quite bald, keen blue eyes, classical mouth and erect figure, gave the impression of distinguished manly beauty. He was a cultivated gentleman in every sense of the word, and all intercourse with him was of the most agreeable character. His manners were simple and full of unaffected dignity, and he was distinguished for his native frankness.

Such was the life of Mr. Weld to whose care and instruction it was young Newsam's good fortune to be intrusted, who was particularly interested in both his temporal and spiritul welfare, and of whom he always spoke with the affection of a child.

In attempting to form a general estimate of Newsam's education and literary achievements, I feel my incompetency for the task. I will however, try to do so.

Newsam remained in the Deaf and Dumb Institution for six years (from 1820 to 1826). During that period he passed through a regular course of education and made considerable progress in all the branches of learning to which his attention was directed. In 1824, after four years' learning, he went with some of his school mates, accompanied by Mr. Weld, to Harris-

burg for the purpose of exhibiting to the members of the Legislature, then assembled, the progress that they had made in the Institution. The exhibition was attended with the most satisfactory results. On that interesting occasion Newsam acquitted himself very well, and with credit to that admirable establishment where he had been allowed by the bounty of the Commonwealth to derive the benefits of education. While at that town Newsam made rapidly a likeness of General Andrew Jackson, at the request of that old hero's friends who, after viewing it, pronounced it to be an admirable one. At that time he was fourteen years of age.

In 1826 he graduated, and was appointed monitor for a single year, and in that capacity he instructed the pupils in the first rudiments of drawing.

After his graduation he was satisfied that his education was not thorough in its character. He had a very inquisitive mind. He was interested about almost every thing—the general state of the world and the incidents of home affairs engaged his thoughts and conversation, and he was very well informed as to the Great Rebellion. His memory was remarkably powerful, and never became impaired until the last several weeks of his life. His recollections

of his youth were vivid, and of what he had seen from his childhood to his last sickness. Such were the powers of his memory that he remembered all he had read, and he could draw what he had seen. He was very fond of reading history, biography, travels, and books which enlarge the range of one's thoughts. He had a good knowledge of the history of the United States, which he was particularly interested in reading, and he used often to relate to us narratives from it, which were instructive. He was familiarly acquainted with the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, he thought, was the most consummate general in the world. In the language of Colonel Duffee: "These were deeply treasured up in his memory with all their classifications and associations."

So his mind was well stored. We may say, in conclusion, that the mass of general knowledge, by which he is allowed to have been distinguished, was chiefly acquired from long continued intercourse with his more fortunate fellow-citizens; from the careful perusal of excellent and well-selected works, and from the spirit of observation. He had many learned and talented friends, whom he both loved and respected, and was accustomed to mingle frequently in their company. He always delighted to expatiate on their literary attain-

ments, and to express his admiration of their colloquial powers and wit, of which he often spoke to us graphically and gracefully in the language of action.

He was in the habit of dividing his time between his profession and the cultivation of his mind. It is not to be denied that he never attempted literary composition; he was more desirous to receive than to impart instruction. He was a regular and welcome visitor to the houses of several distinguished literary men and celebrated artists. He continued to enjoy the respect and esteem which his intelligence, talents, and amiability of disposition had obtained for him from his numerous friends. Though his chief pleasure was in his art, and in the company of such eminent artists as Sully, Inman, R. Peale, Neagle, Lambdin, and others, he was not insensible to the charms of other society and scenes of which he was full, and warm in his admiration. The good sense, information, manners, talents, and manly personal appearance of Newsam, would have made him a more acceptable companion in the most intellectual and refined society, had he only been blessed with hearing and speech, and entirely free from diffidence, which was one of the prominent traits of his character. He had a fine library, containing several hundred vol-

umes (well selected), and also a magnificent collection of lithographic drawings and engravings, both from Europe and this country, many of which were of great value. He appears to have had great knowledge of prints. I was often a welcome visitor at the house where Mr. Newsam boarded. It was his habit to take me to his room, to show me his books and pictures. Every time I visited him, he took delight in exhibiting me a number of lithographic drawings from France and England, which he had recently purchased. With the most glowing enthusiasm, he pointed out their excellence and defects, and criticised them with sound judgment and taste. He said that these had been of great service to him in the acquisition of knowledge and in the pursuit of art. Some years ago a great part of his books and pictures were destroyed by the conflagration of Duval's well-known lithographic establishment, in which he had a studio. He said this loss had since been a matter of deep regret to him, because he had spent much money on these valuable works. He was very well versed in the history of art from its commencement to the present time, and his knowledge of all its mysteries was truly remarkable. His mind dwelt much on the master-pieces of some of the most illustrious proficients of the profession in Europe, with all

the enthusiasm of one who had the thirst of artistic glory.

Mr. Newsam stated to us that he had often read "Dunlap's History of Painting," and several other works on art, the perusal of which so delighted and inspired his mind, that Michael Angelo and Raphael appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern times—a notion which he loved to indulge all the rest of his life. He observed that Michael Angelo was at once preëminent as painter, sculptor, and architect, and was the greatest designer that ever lived in the world, and that Ralphael was at the head of his art.

There had existed within him for many years a strong desire to rise to the same height of eminence which those great masters had attained. This was the true cause of his intense anxiety to visit the Old World—England, France, and Italy, in particular, where the sight of the celebrated masters would awaken a greater love for his profession, both in his heart and in his mind, and where he might perfect himself in the practice of his favorite art under the famous artists, of whom he had heard so much. Rome was frequently present to the fancy of Newsam, and he hoped one day to see with his own eyes the glories in art of which he had read so much. He earnestly de-

sired to pay his homage to the most eminent princes of the profession in that magnificent metropolis of art, and profit, if possible, by gazing at and studying their wonderful productions. A visit to the Royal Academy in London; to the Louvre in Paris, and to the Vatican in Rome, whose halls are adorned with the superb works of those venerated masters, would, in all probability, have filled the heart of this enthusiastic artist with ambition to imitate them, and he would have gazed constantly on the inimitable excellence of Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, in order to catch a portion of their inspiration. Not being satisfied with his own excellence in the art of which he is acknowledged, by general consent, to have stood at the head in America, he greatly desired to place himself under the instruction of some of the best lithographic artists in London and Paris, whose finished productions he had been in the habit of viewing, not only with enthusiastic interest, but with glowing satisfaction, and to win for himself, if possible, an imperishable name, aided by the inspiration of those able masters of "the art depictive of all arts." Colonel Duffee says: "Had he only been blessed with speech and hearing, there is no doubt but, like other eminent and enterprising talented Americans, he would have accom-

plished the wish of his heart, and beheld, with 'rapturous vision,' the Old World and its scenes of ancient and classic beauty."

Mr. A——, an intimate friend and a fellow boarder of Mr. Newsam's for several years, states: "In September of the year 1838, I entered the family of a Mr. S—— as a boarder, and found Albert Newsam as such. It was not many days until we were acquainted, and became established on social terms. My sympathies early went out to him, finding that his sad affliction shut him from that social intercourse with the boarders necessary to render his situation pleasant and him contented. While there existed amongst all a kindly feeling toward him, there was but little positive interest taken by any one in him. The family who boarded us were all uniformly gentle, and in their way kind to him—beyond this there was nothing. Appreciating his social want, I early applied myself to gaining access to him by the use of his own signs and language. Early success in this established me on terms the most confiding and friendly, and this regard was not broken up by any future occurrence. Newsam ordinarily at midday, after his meal, rested one hour—this was mostly spent in my room, in conversation upon topics connected with his profession and personal in-

terests, and the news of the day. In these interviews I gained a close insight of his views and plans. I found the existence of a just and proper ambition relative to his advancements in professional skill and acquirements. He was well informed as to the artists, both of England and France, who were noted and successful in his department of art; not only their names but their productions were familiar, many of which he purchased and was ever ready to add to his stores, and sought for such. Hermandel, I believe, was the name of a lithographer of London, who rapidly gained attention and celebrity by his productions in England. He formed the purpose to visit England, and seek employment in the establishment of this celebrated artist, believing that he would possess larger success there and acquire more professional knowledge and skill. This thought expanded and filled his mind, until it became a controlling power."

But poor Newsam! he was not destined to be able to fulfil this strong desire of his ambition. It is to be regretted that the want of pecuniary means denied him the realization of this fond desire. He informed me that he had recently received a letter from England, stating that he was requested to come over to that country as soon as possible, for he could easily procure a

permanent situation as an artist in one of the greatest lithographic establishments in London; but he remarked that poverty was the only thing which prevented his taking any steps to that effect.

As to his worldly prospects, there can be no doubt that he would have possessed much money if he had been strictly economical; but it appears that, instead of being concerned for the necessity of acquiring pecuniary independence or competency, he devoted all his faculties to the pursuit of art. We often observed from what he said in regard to his present circumstances, that he had neither anxiety nor ambition to become rich. He never mentioned to us any thing about his earnings. But, like many persons in his pursuit, he had no concern for the acquisition of money; and when he obtained it, he had no proper estimate of its value or uses. We sometimes endeavored to awaken his attention to his own money interests, and suggested plans for his adoption, urging him to deposit what he could earn in the Saving Fund; but the effect was only temporary, and occasioned no change in his habits. When he got money, or had it, he was always ready to purchase costly pictures, of which he is supposed to have had a finer and larger collection than any other artist or connoisseur in

the United States could possess. We have known him to speak with sorrow of his deprivation of hearing and speech; but he observed that it was of no use to murmur; that he was contented with the lot in which he had been placed by nature; and that it was his duty to be resigned to the will of the Disposer of all events.

CHAPTER III.

NEWSAM'S PROFESSIONAL STUDIES.

DURING his pupilage in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, his talent for drawing was fostered and encouraged. Mr. Laurent Clerc, who was Principal of that Institution for six months, in 1821, thus observes of Newsam: "When he was my pupil, he behaved himself very well, and gave me no trouble. He learned and studied his lessons very well, and out of school, instead of playing with his fellow pupils in the yard, he repaired up stairs and amused himself with drawing on the black-board the figures of domestic animals, which showed that he would become a good designer and engraver." Young Newsam continued every day to draw and make sketches, which were of such

promise as to induce the Directors to place him under the instruction of Mr. Catlin, an artist of celebrity, since better known by his travels among the north-western Indians and representations of Indian character, and of Mr. Bridport, a clever miniature painter. From these masters he received lessons in the rudiments of drawing, during the winter evenings, for two or three years. During that time, the expenses of his studies were liberally defrayed by the Directors, who felt a deep interest in him; nor did he prove unworthy of their care and generosity. His talents, his history, his modest deportment, and his good looks, obtained for him the respect and love of his masters, under whose eyes he devoted himself to the study of the art with great industry and diligence; and it is said that he pursued it with an ardor from which even amusements could not seduce him.

In 1827, the evidences he furnished of a natural talent for drawing, attracted the notice of Colonel Childs, a well-known engraver. At the recommendation of Roberts Vaux, Esq., who was one of the most respectable citizens in Philadelphia, and one of the Directors of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Newsam was placed in the office of Col. Childs to learn the art of engraving, That gentleman gladly re-

ceived him as a pupil, because he appreciated his genius. At that time he was seventeen years of age. He remained with Col. Childs for four years, until 1831, boarding in the Institution. His career there was marked and brilliant. His time was exclusively devoted to the study of the art, under the eyes of his master, with a success extraordinary in one so young, and laboring under such serious disadvantages. He acquired, with uncommon rapidity, such professional knowledge as could then and there be obtained. While in Col. Child's office, he was accustomed to go to the Academy of Fine Arts, and studied the works of the celebrated artists by gazing at and copying them. During that period, he made many sketches and studies, which would require a minute description to be comprehended. Among those productions were the portraits of an elderly gentleman (whose name I cannot recollect), and of Queen Dido, in which he discovered a taste so superior to that of the artists of the present day. They attracted general notice, and elicited much admiration and well-deserved approbation. He was now enabled to stand high in the art of engraving before the introduction of the lithographic art into this country. A number of his engravings and crayon drawings were purchased by

gentlemen of the greatest judgment and most refined taste, both in the United States and in Europe.

LITHOGRAPHY.

The lithographic art was introduced into the United States, from France, when Newsam was in the office of Col. Childs. The name of that young artist is indelibly associated with the rise and progress of this important branch of the fine arts in America; we therefore think it may be useful to give an account of the origin of this wonderful art.

Lithography is the art of tracing letters, figures, and other designs, and of transferring them to stone, in the ordinary method of taking impressions. It may be called a kind of engraving.

This art was invented in 1793, at Munich, in Bavaria, by Aloys Sennefelder. This ingenious inventor was born in Prague, in 1771. His father was a performer at the Royal Theatre, in Munich, to which place he came when a child. He was sent, at a very early age, to the University of Ingoldstradt to study law; but on the death of his father he was compelled, by poverty, to leave the University. He attempted a theatrical career at Munich, but not succeeding in this, he became an author. Having learned something of printing,

but not having the means to purchase materials to print his works, he conceived the idea of inventing a process of his own. He made a variety of experiments, with a view to discover some cheap method by which he could publish his works himself, and was finally led, by accident, to his great discovery. One day, being desired by his mother to make a memorandum of clothes, about to be sent to her washerwoman to be washed, and having no paper at hand, he wrote the account upon a slab of polished stone, intending to copy it at his leisure. As it lay before him (when he was about to efface this writing), it occurred to him that he might take an impression, by the effect of printer's ink, to the lines, in which he succeeded to his satisfaction. Afterwards he succeeded in printing a piece of music from lines drawn in relief, which he had composed. This mode of printing appeared to him very important. This encouraged him to attempt to make further discoveries.

Sennefelder persevered through all difficulties, in applying his useful discovery to practical purposes, and improving himself in the art. The perseverance with which he followed up experiments, in order to overcome the difficulties which successively arose in his progress, was very remarkable. His first essays to print

for publication were some pieces of music executed in 1796. They were highly praised by the King of Bavaria, to whom they were exhibited by Sennefelder.

Succeeding in this, Sennefelder obtained a patent for his process in several of the German States. From this period, the practice of the art extended and improved greatly and rapidly, and more particularly at Munich. In that beautiful city several establishments were formed for the purpose of applying it to the fine arts, as well as printing writings and official forms for the various departments of the government. In 1809, Sennefelder was appointed inspector of the Royal Lithographic Establishment at Munich, for printing from stone a complete map and survey of Bavaria. After that period, he devoted his time to making experiments, and to writing a history of his invention. For many years he labored to extend his art through Europe. In 1819, he published his Elements of Lithography, in German, which has since been translated into English and French. In 1826, he invented a new process for taking impressions, colored, so as to imitate oil paintings. This art he called mosaic painting. He died on the 26th of February, 1834, at Munich, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The art was introduced into Rome and London, in 1809, and into Paris, in 1814. Everywhere it met with great favor, and especially in Paris. Artists of distinction practiced and aided to perfect it, and it was fashionable for the nobility to design upon stone. It is said that this art was skilfully practiced by the famous Duchess de Berri, and that the Duke of Orleans illustrated "Gulliver's Travels." M. Limercier cultivated the art for many years with great success. In the great Exhibition at Paris, in 1855, the medal of honor was awarded to that gentleman, who was then conducting a large establishment containing one hundred presses, and employing two hundred workmen. Lecompte and Grevedon, if living, are the most skilful lithographic artists in France at the present time. Mr. Newsam often spoke of them in terms of admiration, and he said that he was greatly desirous of going to that charming country to place himself under the instruction of those eminent proficients. In Paris, the art has been carried to a higher degree of perfection than elsewhere. In England, the lithographic productions have been of a high order, especially in landscapes, and the establishment of Messrs. Ackermann, in London, was long famous for the fine specimens it furnished, in immense numbers, in

this department, including the productions of Hughe, Ward, Westall, Lane and others. Mr. Newsam said he was of opinion that Lane was the greatest lithographic artist in Great Britain at the present time, and that it was his ambition to excel him. In all civilized countries, the art is practiced to a great extent, as a cheap method of furnishing prints and fac similes and forms of checks, bills, and other papers for commercial purposes.

Soon after the introduction of the lithographic art into this country, the genius of young Newsam was directed to this department, and he studied it with such diligence, that he soon became proficient in it. The success attending his efforts was such, as to indicate that he would soon be enabled to pursue it advantageously as a profession. This success resulted in the most brilliant achievements, exceeding the most sanguine expectations of his friends. He continued steadily to progress in excellence, winning fresh laurels in his new profession, until he at length became the best artist, in the lithographic line, in America.

When Newsam was about twenty-two years old, his reputation began to rise and the number of his commissions augmented every day. Every new work contributed to extend his fame through the United States and Europe.

Among his numerous productions, which are now spread all over this country, as evidences of the extraordinary genius of the deaf-mute artist, are the portraits of Chief Justice Marshall and of Judge McLean which increased rapidly his reputation and elicited general attention. In the language of an accomplished critic, who examined these finished works, "one of his productions is an engraving of Chief Justice Marshall, and if accurate resemblance be the test of perfection, it is unsurpassed." Newsam next drew Judge McLean, and the same critic observes "produced a work of such truth and nobleness that it fixed universal attention."

Mr. Newsman was for many years the principal artist at one of the greatest and most celebrated lithographic establishments in Philadelphia, belonging to Mr. Duval. He was indefatigably industrious and his productions were more numerous than those of any other artist in this country engaged in that line of business. A list of all the works executed by Newsam in his busy days would occupy many pages, and it would be a tedious task to enumerate and specify them.

While at that establishment, it was Newsam's habit and pleasure to go and visit the studios of all the eminent artists in the city of Philadelphia, with whom he had become ac-

quainted in order to be able to understand their style. He was a regular attendant at stated times for several years in the studio of Mr. Lambdin the celebrated portrait painter. He was, in short, a great and universal favorite.

In the political and religious world, and in the dramatic line, he is famous for his numerous likenesses of eminent personages and also for his many fine contributions to the celebrated Indian Portrait Gallery of Mr. G. Catlin. All these works have been pronounced to be faultless, and have elicited the warmest admiration from all who have seen them. Mr. Newsman was generally acknowledged to hold the first rank among the most distinguished of American artists in the lithographic art. The magnificent productions of his pencil have been pronounced by the best judges to be equal to those of the most eminent artists in France and England.

The halls of the Deaf and Dumb Institution are graced by many of Newsam's drawings both lithographic and crayon, remarkable for their artistic touch, beauty and finished character. Among them is a portrait of Bishop White who had been his benefactor. Those productions are now exhibited to visitors by the managers of that noble establishment with commendable pride as evidences of the talents of the great ar-

tist who had been one of their earliest and most distinguished pupils.

The characteristic excellence of all his productions is accuracy in the drawing in connection with artistic and delicate finish. His drawing is both chaste and simple; his outlines accurate and elegant; his pencil firm and free, and his execution rapid. He was very clear and accurate in his perceptions in which he is generally allowed to have held the pre-eminence. His knowledge of the human figure was superior to that of many of his contemporary artists. As a copyist he was faithful and faultless in every respect, and had neither superiors nor equals. In the language of Col. Duffee, "Newsam, it is to be regretted, seldom had an opportunity to aim at any thing of an original character, as his time was chiefly occupied in copying from prints and photographs, and other drawings. His fidelity, however, to the originals, was truly remarkable, and elicited much encomium among artists and others, who were capable of judging."

In speaking of Mr. Newsam, as a copyist, it may be necessary to enter into a full explanation of that word, because it belongs to the fine arts. Copying means an exact imitation of a master-piece. Much more talent is required to make an accurate copy of a master-piece than

is at first supposed. Without a reproduction of the original in the mind of the copyist, his imitation cannot be perfect. He must have the power to conceive and transfer to his own canvas, or stone or paper the living spirit of the piece before him. What an immense difference there is between the copy of an artist of genius, and the literal exactness of a Chinese! Copies are of three kinds. The most general are those in which the copyist imitates the original with anxious exactitude. In this case the difficulty is but slight. The second kind is that in which the copyist avoids exact imitation, but renders the original pleasing to the eye in its principal traits. The third and most important and difficult kind of copy is that in which the copyist makes a copy of the picture, not only with the freedom of a skilful hand, but with a true feeling of the original, and with the inspiration of genius finding satisfaction, "not in copying, but in an imitation little short of creation."

While Newsam was in Colonel Childs' office, several gentlemen of sound judgment and taste criticised his drawings in terms of admiration. From the pen of one of them who was a very capable critic, whose name I could not learn, we quote the following remarks, to show how highly his talents were appreciated at that time: "It cannot but be a source of surprise and

gratification to patriotic Americans to witness the astonishing progress which is being made in the arts in this country. Every year brings forth aspirants in the tasteful and elegant professions of painting and engraving. The numerous evidences of superiority in these pursuits, that are constantly appearing in our most populous cities, lead us to hope that the time is not far distant when, in these particulars, we may fairly and successfully cope with the mother country, and it is, perhaps, not too extravagant to believe that, in reference to such matters, we shall yet be regarded with as much envy and admiration, by the other hemisphere, as we are even now with astonishment and jealousy. These remarks have been elicited in consequence of the extrordinary genius which was displayed by the subject of this memoir at a very early age, and we are inclined to think that they are not less merited than complimentary."

"It is with pleasure that we record the fact, the subject of our memoir has steadily progressed in excellence, winning fresh laurels in his profession, and adorning our country with some of the most exquisite lithographic drawings that have ever been made in the United States. The name of Albert Newsam is in-

delibly associated with the rise and progress of the lithographic art in America."

Colonel F. H. Duffee, a citizen of Philadelphia, distinguished for his literary acquirements and taste in the fine arts, wrote some years ago a brief, but interesting biographical sketch of Albert Newsam, of whom he had been a warm friend and personal admirer for many years. He says: "The Columbia Star, published some years ago, was among the first to comment on his drawings in terms of admiration. We quote the following remarks to evidence that there was an early appreciation of his talents. The editor states that he had "witnessed, at the engraving office of Colonel Childs', in Chestnut Street, several admirable and wonderful specimens of genius in crayon drawing, by Albert Newsam, a youth, who is deaf and dumb. They transcend any thing of the kind in America or England. We were struck with the softness and delicacy of the shading, and the beautiful finish of all his pictures. It is indeed passing strange that a youth, whose ear has been tuneless as a shut sepulchre, should embody his voiceless thoughts and conceptions on paper. The success of young Newsam has been unparalleled, and has elicited the highest commendations from all who have witnessed his productions. He is now engaged in preparing

lithographic portraits of several of the present cabinet. The drawings of some of these have already been made, and are considered excellent. Some of the following pictures, among others, may be seen at the engraving office of Colonel Childs:—Mother and Child, from an original painting by W. Allston; Infant Academy, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, purchased for the Academy of Arts in Charleston, S. C.; Meditation, from ditto, purchased by Thomas Baring, Esq., of London; Virginia of the Pearl, from Raphael, by ditto; Bishop White, presented to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; Queen Dido, from Guerin, in the possession of a lady in this city."

Colonel Duffee again observes: "Encomiums were now freely lavished upon his productions by the press." "We venture to predict," says another communication, "from the high excellence of his recent productions, that the time will soon come when his name will be as sure a passport to admiration as that of Stuart, Heath, Lecompte, or Lane. Among the heads recently published is one of William Rawle, Esq., patriarch of the Philadelphia Bar, which has been pronounced by good judges to be decidedly superior to any similar work of art executed in the United States."

"Since that time we have seen a head of

Washington, after Stuart, which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, for brilliancy, correctness, likeness and beautiful finish, compares well with the works of the best French artists, Lecompte and Grevedon, and, with the exception of the master-pieces of Lane A. R. A., is better than any thing of the kind which has been done in England."

"Judge McLean, of Ohio, a copy of which has been procured for the Athenæum, is, in some respects, superior to the Washington. There is a firmness in the work, a life and clearness in the eyes, and a sweetness in the expression of the mouth, which claims the admiration of every beholder. The original is by Sully, in his happiest style, and the head has lost none of its spirit by the translation."

The following remarks are from the pen of Colonel Duffee, in relation to the works of Newsam: "One of his best productions is the "portrait of Chief Justice Marshall. This is a "most beautiful specimen of the perfection to "which the art of giving impressions on stone "has been carried, and ranks among the finest "lithographic prints of the day. It is the most "accurate likeness which we have seen of a "countenance that suited the strong and lofty "character of the original. It would be a "tedious task to enumerate the many excellent

"drawings which he has made; suffice it that, "in the political world, he is well-known for "his numerous likenesses of the distinguished "members of various cabinets, which, for fidelity "to the originals and superior finish, will com- "pare with any productions of the kind on "either side of the Atlantic Ocean. To the "Indian portrait gallery he has contributed "some of the best specimens to be found in that "elegant and entertaining collection. In the "Dramatic line his portraits of distinguished "histrionists have ever been regarded with ad- "miration for their accuracy and superior finish. "The extensive establishment of Mr. Duval, "and its requirements, kept this talented artist "busily occupied during a long period of years, "in the course of which he produced some of "the best specimens of the lithographic art ever "witnessed in this country. He stood alone in "his professional excellence. He was gifted "with inherent natural talent, the exercise of "which developed itself in superior artistic "ability. His drawings were principally those "of the portraits of eminent men, from Presi- "dents of the United States to Governors and "members of Congress, and State Legislatures. "His portraits of military chieftains and Indian "warriors might also be enumerated. In fact, "his contributions to the Indian Portrait Gal-

"lery were sufficiently numerous, and of such a "high order of merit, as to elicit the warmest "admiration, and rank him among the most "eminent of American artists."

Mr. A—— states that "one day he entered my room, after his dinner, with considerable excitement, and approaching me, he earnestly and rapidly said, by spelling with his fingers and pantomimic gestures, 'I want to draw your picture.' 'Why?' was my ready inquiry. 'You have been very kind to me, and I wish to show you that I appreciate it,' was his response. I said to him I was unwilling to take any part of his time that should be given to his employer or to himself. He said he purposed drawing the picture during the hour he rested after dinner. I objected to this, on the ground that it would take from him necessary respite, after the intense application requisite in drawing. To this, he replied that he did not require the rest, and that it would be grateful labor for him. My objections were unavailing; he must draw my picture; and discovering that my resistance offended him, I reluctantly yielded upon condition that he spent only half an hour, daily, upon it until completed. It was done on Bristol-board, and in black crayon, and occupied some weeks in its completion. After its completion and

framing, he requested my consent to its appearance in the Artists' Fund Exhibition, then on the eve of preparation. When he bore the picture to the place for exhibition, Mr. Shaw, a noted landscape painter and Chairman of the Committee, shook his head, and otherwise intimated that it could not be received. Undismayed, he pressed the entrance of the picture. Mr. Shaw, impatiently, wrote and handed him, 'We do not receive engravings for the exhibition.' Newsam shook his head, and wrote, 'Crayon drawing;' to which Mr. Shaw, after a hasty look at the picture, shook his head, and again wrote, 'We cannot receive engravings.' Distressed at his failure, Newsam, with increased zeal, explained and wrote until, after a close scrutiny, Mr. Shaw saw the character of the production. I state this little incident, both as a significant exhibition of his artistic merit and a gratifying illustration of his moral nature. I should previously have stated that my friends regarded this picture as an admirable likeness, and its merits, as a drawing, are fairly exhibited by the incident preceding."

NEWSAM'S PRESENT TO THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In February, 1833, Mr. G. W. Toland, a member of the House of Representatives at

Harrisburg, from Philadelphia, presented to the Chair a letter from Mr. Newsam, in which he stated that he had been educated as a State pupil in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and that he wished to present a number of lithographic drawings, executed by himself, to the Legislature, as a faint testimony of his gratitude for the distinguished benefits he had derived from the bounty of the Commonwealth. The letter is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, February 2d, 1833.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I inform you that some of my lithographic drawings were presented to you. I pray you to accept my sincere thanks and gratitude. I am employed in the lithographical establishment of Messrs. Childs & Inman as an artist. Some years ago I was providentally saved from the hands of an impostor, and placed in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The charitable and liberal Legislature fed, clothed and educated me. I should always feel grateful to you and the Directors of the Institution for the benevolence and parental care and kindness which have been extended toward me. It is a source of satisfaction to

know that the Institution promising so much advantage to an unfortunate class of mankind, has been established in this State.

May the Great Giver of all good bless you, your government, and our beloved country.

With great respect, I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

ALBERT NEWSAM.

Immediately after the reading of the letter and the presentation of the drawings, one of the members rose and moved that a Committee be appointed to express, on behalf of the House, the feeling on the subject, and, in support of his notice, gave a brief biographical sketch of Newsam (as already related in the early part of his history). Accordingly, the following gentlemen were chosen a Committee to express, on behalf of the members of the House of Representatives, their approbation of these fine specimens of lithographical drawing, executed by Mr. Newsam:

ELLIS LEWIS,
GEORGE W. TOLAND,
J. G. CLARKSON,
T. G. MCCULLOH,
BENJAMIN MATTHIAS.

This Committee transmitted to Mr. Newsam a copy of the resolutions, and also a compli-

mentary letter, expressive of their admiration and appreciation of his talents, very gratifying to the grateful heart of this great artist.

The following is a copy of that letter.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Harrisburg, Feb. 14, 1833.

MR. ALBERT NEWSAM—*Sir*:—We feel a great pleasure in expressing to you, on behalf of the members of the House of Representatives, in pursuance of a resolution of that body, herewith enclosed, their approbation of the fine specimens of lithographic drawing executed and presented by you to the Legislature. These prints have justly excited the admiration of all who have had an opportunity to examine them.

In the opinion of the Committee, they will not suffer by a comparison with the productions of any artist in the world. As Americans, we feel a pride and a pleasure in contemplating them as the bright trophies of that victory which the talents and industry of our country, under the auspices of our benign institutions, can always achieve over the apparently insurmountable obstacles of indigence, misfortune, and even nature herself. As Pennsylvanians, we look upon them with a corresponding degree of satisfaction as the produc-

tions of an artist whose deserving celebrity does great honor to the Commonwealth of which he is, by adoption and education, a legitimate son.

With sentiments of the highest respect, we tender you, on behalf of the members of the House of Representatives, our best wishes for your future prosperity and further advancement, and subscribe ourselves

Your friends and fellow-citizens,

ELLIS LEWIS,
GEORGE W. TOLAND,
J. G. CLARKSON,
T. G. MCCULLOH,
BENJAMIN MATTHIAS,

Committee of the House of Representatives.

CHAPTER IV.

NEWSAM'S MARRIAGE.

THERE was a singular circumstance in Newsam's life in reference to marriage. When he was about twenty-five years of age, he began to take into consideration the important subject of matrimony, into the bonds of which he was soon to commit himself. He thought he could now choose discreetly a speaking woman, who must understand the peculiarity of his own condition; who would love him with the affection of a faithful and true wife; who could soothe him in moments of irritation or depression, and who, by her good sense and clear understanding, could aid him in all his undertakings.

Mr. Newsam was a frequent visitor at the

house of Mr. W——, a well-known engraver in this city. While there one day, he was introduced to Miss R—— E——, quite a young lady. After that time, between this celebrated artist and woman, there seemed to exist for some time sentiments of genuine affection and friendship. Miss E—— was an elegantly-formed small woman. Her eyes were blue, and expressive of a kindly good nature, and her whole face seemed to beam with intelligence. Her temper, though quick or impulsive, was sweet and placable, and her manners were winning. She was full of life, and loved the society of her friends. She was, in every respect, qualified to be a brilliant member of the social circle in which her intended husband was to move, as he was then in the full blaze of his reputation.

Such was Miss E——, whom, Newsam thought, he must honor by bestowing his hand on her, as he believed her to be worthy of bearing the name of Newsam, and that she would be proud of being the artist's bride. Accordingly he married that lady, at the residence of her brother-in-law, on the 27th of March, 1834.

He was now fixed with such an agreeable partner for life; and he hoped to find more happiness in domestic retirement (as he was of

a retiring disposition) than he ever experienced in the wide and bustling world. But, alas, these fond anticipations were entirely frustrated, by some unexpected misunderstanding on either side, almost within a week after the knot was tied. The marriage proved unhappy, and was afterwards dissolved in a legal manner. From that time they never met again, and he lived single to the last moment of his life. Since that unfortunate event, we have never been able to obtain any knowledge of the cause of their unhappy separation, as on that point he always kept a discreet silence.

But among Newsam's documents, lately found in his trunk, was a letter, which he wrote in regard to his marriage, while he was an inmate of the "Living Home," near Wilmington. With respect to that letter, the probability is that it was addressed to Dr. Brown, the Superintendent of that Institution. In it, Newsam spoke of his wife in a respectful manner; he stated that he remembered the features of her face perfectly, and expressed his sorrow that he had separated himself from her.

It must be borne in mind that frankness was one of the beautiful traits in the character of this talented artist. He appears to have admitted that he had done wrong in this case.

It is said that Mrs. Newsam, of her own accord, left him, and when she returned, he refused to acknowledge her as his wife. It appears that afterwards he regretted his hasty decision. Nothing definite was ever known of the nature of this difficulty that had rent his married life in twain.

CHAPTER V.

THE GALLAUDET MONUMENT.

WE think it would be proper to give a historical sketch of the origin of that structure erected by a number of educated deaf mutes, in various parts of the United States, to the memory of that distinguished Christian philanthropist, the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and also a short sketch of his life and services.

Thomas H. Gallaudet was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 10th of December, 1787. When he was quite young, his parents removed to Hartford, where he continued ever to reside. There he grew up a sprightly and promising boy. His correct deportment, his amiable temper, and his studious habits, gave early promise of the high distinction which awaited him in

literary attainments in after life. At the age of fifteen years he was sent to Yale College, where he entered the sophomore class. Youthful, modest, unobtrusive, and strictly correct in all his habits, he was a universal favorite in his class, in which he soon became the best scholar. In English composition he had neither superior nor equal. He had a talent and a taste for mathematics, in which science he would have risen to the highest pitch of distinction as a professor, if he had determined to devote his time to the study of it. He graduated, with the highest honors of his class, in 1805. Soon after leaving college, he entered the office of Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, one of the most eminent lawyers in Hartford, where he remained for nearly a year, studying Blackstone's Commentaries with his usual diligence; and he gave every assurance of his becoming, in time, a thorough and successful lawyer. But the law, honorable and useful as it is, was not to be his profession, for his health, which was never robust, failed him, and he was therefore compelled to suspend his legal studies, which he never resumed. Afterwards, he entered a respectable counting-house in New York, as a clerk, intending to pursue a mercantile life. While there, he became so serious in his views of religion, that he soon after made

a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and joined the Church in Hartford, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong.

Relinquishing his flattering mercantile prospects, he commenced the study of theology, at the Theological Seminary at Andover, in 1811, with the intention of being a divine, and took his diploma in 1814. He was licensed to preach. However, he was destined not to follow that profession. He was to enter a new and then unexplored field of Christian philanthropy, on this side of the Atlantic ocean, where he was to devote his life to services of far wider influence than any pulpit could command. What was that mission, for which he was about to prepare the way? It was the long-neglected one of deaf-mute instruction, to which his attention had already been turned by his interest in a deaf and dumb child.

With much interest we contemplate the merciful dispensations of God, in providing the means of instruction for the deaf and dumb in our own country. The Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet was the instrument of the introduction into the United States, from Europe, of that eminently useful art, which has since rescued many thousands of deaf mutes from the fearful doom of hopeless ignorance, and which will, in all probability, continue to dis-

pense the benefits of education to the future generations of children of silence till the millennium comes.

The first institution for the education of deaf mutes, on this side of the ocean, was founded at Hartford, in 1817, by the benevolent efforts of Mr. Gallaudet, aided by Laurent Clerc, a deaf mute from birth, and a distinguished pupil of the illustrious Abbe Sicard, and was sustained by the generous contributions of persons in different parts of the Union. Now, it ranks among the most distinguished institutions of the kind in this enlightened land. The first person who entered there as a pupil, was the amiable Alice Cogswell, whose name ought to be stamped on the mind of every deaf mute. She was the daughter of Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, a highly respectable physician of Hartford. When she was two years old, she was taken sick with the spotted fever, which barely spared her life, and entirely deprived her of hearing; so that, in all her bloom and sprightliness, she grew up a deaf mute. The establishment of that admirable institution, at Hartford, originated in the desire of that interesting young girl's father to promote her education. He had made all attempts that his art could suggest to remedy her infirmity, but all to no purpose; therefore, he turned his

thoughts to the possibility of alleviating her misfortune by instruction. Happily, his residence was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Gallaudet's own home, where little Alice was the companion of his younger brothers and sisters in play. While at home, Mr. Gallaudet saw her every day; his sympathy was aroused; he loved her, and became more and more interested in her. He was anxious to teach her to spell words. His method of teaching this girl was ingenious and original. He succeeded in arresting her attention by his use of signs, the natural language of the deaf and dumb. He gave her a first lesson in written language, by teaching her that the word "hat" represented the thing—hat—which he held in his hand. Following up this first step in such methods as his own ingenuity could suggest, and with the aid of a book of Sicard, which Dr. Cogswell had procured from Paris, he, from time to time, succeeded in imparting to her a knowledge of many simple words and sentences. These favorable beginnings led her anxious father to hope that she might be taught to read and write at home, instead of being sent abroad for education.

Accounts of European philanthropists' success in the art of instructing the deaf and dumb, came over to this country occasionally, but

were received either with incredulity or apathy. It was at first supposed that the deaf and dumb formed a very minute fraction of the population of the United States. However, this error was completely confuted by the energetic investigations of Dr. Cogswell, in regard to their number in this country. Several of his friends united with him in his benevolent efforts, and formed themselves into a society for the express purpose of introducing the art of deaf-mute instruction into the United States from Europe. That association consisted of distinguished names, which should be held in grateful remembrance by all the friends of the deaf and dumb in this land, as well as by the thousands of mutes who have already shared so richly in the unspeakable blessings of that system of education which that association inaugurated. Who was to be sent to Europe for that purpose? The Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet. His splendid literary attainments, gentlemanly manners, attractive social qualities, philosophical turn of mind, undoubted piety and growing sympathy for the large class of deaf mutes, wholly neglected in this country, recommended him as pre-eminently qualified for the noble and important task of pouring the light of instruction into their dark minds. He was, accordingly, chosen for this interesting

mission. In pursuance of this object, he set sail for Europe, in May, 1815. He spent nearly a year in visiting the Deaf and Dumb Institutions in England and Scotland, and in endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of the method of instruction adopted in them; but he could not obtain from them as much information as he wished, for he was not willing to remain as a pupil in any one of those institutions for three years, which was the length of time required by their rules.

Fortunately for us, the Abbe Sicard was at that time on a visit to London, for the purpose of giving a course of lectures, explanatory of his method of teaching the deaf and dumb, accompanied by Massieu and Clerc, his favorite pupils and assistants. Mr. Gallaudet succeeded in gaining an introduction to that eminent benefactor of the deaf mute, who cordially received him, and invited him to come to Paris, where every facility would be afforded him, without fee or hindrance. Availing himself of this kind invitation, he immediately set out for Paris, where he remained but a few months, studying with perseverance and industry the method used in the school of Sicard.

Mr. Gallaudet was now anxious and ready to return home. Mr. Clerc, one of the best pupils and ablest teachers of the Royal Institu-

tion for the Deaf and Dumb, at Paris, learning that he was about to quit that magnificent city, proposed going to America, as an assistant, if Sicard would give his consent. This suggestion was acted upon without delay. The excellent Abbe's consent was obtained, although he felt it to be a great sacrifice. Mr. Gallaudet had the happiness of embarking for the United States with so accomplished a deaf mute as Laurent Clerc—an event of scarcely less importance to the immediate success of the American Asylum, than Mr. Gallaudet's consent to go to Europe in its behalf.

Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc sailed from Havre in the ship Mary Augusta, Captain Hall, on the 18th of June, and arrived at New York on the 9th of August, 1816. Standing in need of the funds for the successful prosecution of his mission in the United States, Mr. Gallaudet visited different parts of this land, with Mr. Clerc, for several months, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in exciting an interest in the subject of deaf-mute instruction. A large sum of money, contributed by generous persons, was soon obtained, which enabled Mr. Gallaudet to open a school at Hartford, on the 15th of April, 1817, with seven pupils, among whom was Alice Cogswell, whose name has since become historic. This school has since

been known by the title of the "American Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb," which has since been thronged with pupils, and which is the parent of all the institutions of this class that have since sprung up in various other sections of the United States.

The first principal of this Institution was Mr. Gallaudet, assisted by Mr. Clerc, and he continued to superintend it with distinguished ability and success for twelve years, till the year 1830. During that long period his unremitting labors as a teacher in the American Asylum were too much for his physical constitution; but his strong paternal love for that institution prevailed over all personal considerations, and kept him at his post, until, at length, the state of his health was such as to constrain him to tender his resignation to the Board on the 30th of April, 1830, and it was accepted. Soon after his resignation he was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which post he held to the last day of his life.

On the 6th of June, 1838, Mr. Gallaudet became connected with the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane, as chaplain, the duties of which office he continued to discharge with exemplary fidelity and happy results up to the day of his last illness. In the summer of 1851 he was

compelled, by declining health, to relinquish his post of usefulness. His health began sensibly to fail in the spring, and he often complained of exhaustion, until the 12th of July, when he was taken sick with dysentery. After that time he continued to grow worse and worse every day, with a few exceptions, till the 10th of September, which was the last day of his life. At that time he breathed with difficulty, and his strength was evidently failing. He told one of his daughters, who was sitting by his bedside, that he was better, took her hand, and, turning himself over, said, "I will go to sleep." This he did, and it was his last sleep. Though she was fanning him at the time, she was not aware of any change until the physician, who came into the room, told her that he was no more. So he died on the 10th of September, 1851, in the 64th year of his age, leaving his deaf and dumb widow, and eight speaking children, and the mourning community, the inestimable legacy of his life and character. Among Mr. Gallaudet's sons are the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, formerly a teacher for several years and now a director of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and at present Rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church for Deaf Mutes, in the City of New York; and Edward Gallaudet, Superintendent of the Co-

lumbia Institution, and President of the National College for Deaf Mutes at Washington City.

Mr. Gallaudet was universally beloved and honored, both as a private citizen and public benefactor. His religious character was unquestionably elevated and pure. He was a man of prayer. A deep reverence and love for the Sacred Scriptures, was one of the principal traits of his character. In the language of a distinguished writer, who knew him well: "In the expressive title of one of his volumes he was an every-day Christian." He was a practical philanthropist, in the best sense of the word, because he spent a great part of his time among the deaf and dumb and the insane, to whom he was affectionately attached. He loved the poor and sympathized with all in distress. His excellent social qualities made an impression on all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His interest in children showed the genial sympathies of his nature, and the little ones and youth were, in return, fond of his society. In his domestic relations as husband and father, he was very tender in his devotion. He loved his home and his family, and took delight in contributing to their happiness and comfort by constant and arduous attentions. Like a Frenchman in politeness (it

must be remarked that his ancestors came from France), he was quite a model of the courteous and affable in his manners and general intercourse. There was a blessing in his smile, which made all love him. In all his relations in private, he manifested a quiet, unaffected and universal condescension.

Such was the character of Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, to whom the deaf and dumb of the United States had so long desired to offer some lasting testimony of their gratitude.

Some time after the death of that good man, a large number of educated deaf mutes felt in their hearts that they should erect a suitable monument to the memory of one who had been their friend and benefactor. In pursuance of this object, they formed themselves into a society, called "The Gallaudet Monument Association," with the venerable Laurent Clerc, who is more than eighty-two years of age, for its president. The idea originated with Mr. John Carlin, a highly-educated deaf mute, and an artist of high reputation in the city of New York, who was a former pupil and a classmate of Albert Newsam in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia. To collect the funds necessary for the erection of this structure, which should be theirs alone, and to solicit the contributions of the deaf and dumb, agents

were appointed (they were not allowed to get a cent from the pocket of any other than a deaf mute), and in the course of several months the handsome sum of two thousand five hundred dollars was obtained, wholly from the deaf and dumb themselves. In accordance with the original decision of the Association, that the monument should be, just as far as possible, the exclusive product of deaf mute enterprise, a number of designs were made by ingenious deaf mutes. These designs were shown, for inspection and selection, at a meeting of the Association, held at Hartford, on the 13th of July, 1853. Among them was one prepared for the structure by Mr. Newsam. This design was unanimously adopted in connection with Mr. John Carlin's admirable picture. That production is the sculptured group (a bas relief) on one of the panels, which is one of the finest features of the monument. In that group Mr. Gallaudet is represented in the act of teaching little children the manual alphabet. Two boys and one girl are presented, and the execution of their faces and forms is very beautiful. Mr. Argenti, a talented sculptor from Italy, succeeded remarkably well in transferring to the stone the features of Mr. Gallaudet, and the expression of his countenance. The execution of the work was committed to Mr. James G.

Batterson, of Hartford. The following description of the monument is from the "Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," which shows the artistic taste of Mr. Newsam: "The monument consists, first, of a platform of Quincy granite, six feet ten inches square, and ten inches thick. The plinth is also granite, six feet square and one foot thick. The marble base is five feet three inches square, and eighteen inches richly moulded. The die consists of four panels" (the south one containing the group in bas relief, designed, as already described, by Mr. Carlin), "on the north panel the name in the letters of the manual alphabet is inscribed in bas relief. On the east panel is the following inscription:

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,
BORN IN PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10th, 1787,
DIED IN HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1851,
AGED SIXTY-FOUR YEARS.

And on the west panel is the following:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
REV. THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,
BY THE DEAF AND DUMB OF THE UNITED STATES,
AS A TESTIMONIAL OF PROFOUND GRATITUDE
TO THEIR
EARLIEST AND BEST FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR.

"The die is surmounted by a cap, upon which rests the base of the column, which is two feet

six inches square, the column rising to the height of eleven feet. Upon the south side of the column, surrounded by radii, is the Syriac word 'Ephphatha,'—that is, 'Be opened,' which was spoken by our Saviour, when he caused the dumb to speak and the blind to see. The band which connects the two blocks of the main column is encircled with a wreath of ivy, the type of immortality, and the column itself is crowned with an ornate capital, surmounted by a globe. The whole height of the monument is twenty feet and six inches. It is enclosed with a handsome iron fence, with granite posts."

On the 6th of September, 1854, the monument was inaugurated in the presence of a large assemblance, consisting of deaf mutes from every quarter of the United States and numerous citizens of Hartford and its vicinity. On that occasion Messrs Newsam and Carlin were present, and were "the observed of all observers," and were looked upon with admiration and interest by all who had the opportunity of seeing them.

After the inauguration of that beautiful structure, Mr. Newsam became a guest in the family of the celebrated Laurant Clerc, with whom he remained for three weeks. During that time

he was regarded with respect and admiration, on account of his great artistic abilities.

The monument is in the grounds of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. It can be beheld by every one visiting that institution, and can never fail to excite admiration.

Professor Rae says, in the Annals of the Deaf and Dumb: "Both in design and execution, this is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful monuments of its kind in the United States, worthy of the noble name which it is raised to honor. Its whole cost was about two thousand five hundred dollars."

The following extract is from the "New American Cyclopædia," published by Appleton & Co.: "The monument, which is really one of the finest conceptions, in the way of a commemorative column, is entirely due, in conception, design and execution, to deaf mutes."

This admirable work of art will, we believe, exist, as long as time will allow, to display the genius and commemorate the fame of Albert Newsam, who designed the structure, and of John Carlin, who conceived the group.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ART OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

PORTRAIT painting is the representation of an individual, painted in oil colors, from real life. Portraits are of different sizes, usually of full length and half length, and are executed in oil, or water colors, or crayon.

Mr. Newsam observes that skilful portrait painting is the true and noble art of expressing the sentiments of the soul in the lineaments of the face, which is held in higher estimation than any other branch of the fine arts, and that it gives us the image of what we hold most dear. Such is the definition and such are the effects of painting. To acquire a high degree of skill in that line of the art, is exceedingly difficult, and requires no common talent.

Mr. Newsam was sensible of the lustre which portrait painting would shed upon his name, if he were to devote much of his time to it. His fame had already been far and wide-spread by the obvious and peculiar beauty of his lithographic and crayon productions, and by the eloquent praises of the world; and that he was aware that men of taste had purchased the heads which he drew, in vast numbers, and had even carried them far into foreign lands, to show as the work of the deaf-mute artist. Yet he sometimes thought that he would free himself gradually from the captivating pursuits of lithographic and crayon drawing, and take portrait painting for a profession, which had been his beau-ideal all his life. He often expressed to us his great regret that he did not make it his study in his younger days. He never practiced it until he was forty-four years old, when he first dipped the brush in oil colors. At that time, he began to feel that he would at once attempt to study it, and that he would be able to become a good portrait painter in the course of several years. That, had he not been stricken down with paralysis, and his life prolonged, he would have been enabled to rise to distinction as a proficient in that elegant branch of the art, there can be no doubt. Filled with anxiety to devote himself hence-

forth to the study of oil painting, he became, in 1855, a pupil of R. J. Lambdin, a portrait painter of high reputation in Philadelphia. He was in that artist's studio for one year, coming two or three days in the week for three or four hours each day. While there, he applied himself to oil painting, with special reference to his copying daguerreotypes, for which there was considerable demand at that time, until that gentleman's visit to Europe, in 1856, As his knowledge of drawing was perfect, he improved very much in the use of the brush and colors, under Mr. Lambdin's eyes.

In my occasional interviews with that great portrait painter, he stated that when he first came to Philadelphia, in 1823, he saw Newsam, who was under the instruction of Mr. G. Catlin, during the evenings of the winter. Many of his drawings made at that time evinced talents of a high order. He did not, however, make his acquaintance until 1827, when he first established a studio in Walnut, above Eighth street, in which Newsam became a frequent visitor. His ambition, at that time, was to study oil painting; but the engagement entered into with Colonel Childs prevented his taking any steps to accomplish his desired object. Mr. Lambdin left Philadelphia in 1828, and was absent in the West the greater part of

his time until 1837, at which time he returned to Philadelphia, and located himself in a studio in Chestnut street, below Fifth. Newsam was among his first visitors, and continued to be a regular attendant at stated times; but not in the character of a pupil until 1855, always desiring but never attempting to do any thing in oil in consequence of his professional engagements at Duval's establishment. At length he determined to receive lessons from Mr. Lambdin, which he did in that year. But that gentleman observed to him that it was too late in life for him to expect much skill or reputation in his new chosen walk, yet he was willing to teach him.

Mr. Lambdin told me that, though Newsam's eye for form was correct, and his copying of pictures excellent, he never saw any thing evincing much talent for working direct from nature, and that if his efforts in early life had been better directed, and his time devoted to painting, instead of drawing on stone, he had no doubt he would have achieved, as a painter, considerable renown.

As soon as Newsam had left Lambdin's studio, his first attempt was to paint, in oil, a half-length figure of an elderly gentleman, from life, whose name I do not remember; and some of his friends told me that they were struck

with the simple beauty of the operations of his brush, and that it was an excellent likeness. This was soon succeeded by a portrait of a young lady, which excited the admiration of all who had an opportunity of beholding it. Soon after, his new style procured him several other commissions to paint, which, we regret to say, the paralytic stroke entirely deprived him of the pleasure of finishing, as he had hoped to win a name in the path of portraiture, in which he said, "it requires nothing but delicate feet to tread," and in which his great ambition was to rise to eminence.

I wish to relate the following amusing incident, to show the artistic abilities of Newsam in his new style: While he was painting the half-length portrait of a female child, some of my friends were in doubt whether he would succeed in making a good likeness in oil, as he had been only a lithographer for so many years. They went to see for themselves how he handled his brush, and there was some spreading of hands and shrugging of shoulders among them when they perceived the rude way in which he at first dashed the brush in the likeness, and they went away believing that he would fail entirely. However, at the fifth or sixth sitting, he exerted all the magic of his hand, and bestowed such brilliant depth of

coloring, and such truth and force of expression, that when they called again to see the picture, they gave utterance to expressions of astonishment, to the delight of myself, who had great confidence in the powers of my friend. They then acknowledged that he would make a skilful portrait painter in a few years, notwithstanding his age, if he should release himself from the thraldom of lithography, and devote himself solely to the practice of his new profession. In regard to that picture, it is to be regretted that Newsam was forced to leave it unfinished when he was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered, and he never touched it again. It is generally regarded as a good likeness, though the coloring is somewhat stiff, and it wants several finishing touches. It is now in the possession of the writer of this narrative, who keeps it as the memento of the talents of his accomplished friend.

I think it proper to give an account of my own recollections of Newsam, in order to show what sort of individual peculiarities he exhibited as to his professional pursuits. I had long been an intimate and confidential friend of his, and this regard, which was never broken up to the last day of his life, enabled me to gain a close insight of his views and plans and

sentiments. I am now to gather into one focus various observations he had made on art in his graphic language of signs (it must be borne in mind that he was a graceful sign maker), at different times for many years. He seemed to possess a natural sagacity, which removed the veil of every mystery in art, on the subject of which there came out of his well-stored mind many original and beautiful ideas.

He desired no greater honor in the world than to be a professional artist; he thought that skill in art was the first of human accomplishments, and a good artist the noblest of God's creatures. He was a great enthusiast in art, and ardently worshipped at her shrine. He would frequently gaze at the best works of art for hours, with all the enthusiasm of one whose soul was imbued with the nicest appreciative taste. He often spoke of his own aspirations after fame in such a manner, that his passion appeared to amount almost to the delirium of delight.

THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING.

Mr. Newsam's knowledge of the history and mysteries of the art of painting was remarkably extensive. He was extremely entertaining and communicative on this subject. He gave us a short historical sketch of it, including

its rise, progress, decline and revival in ancient and modern times, and also an account of the different styles and merits of painters. So far as regards the intellectual and moral pleasures of man, no department of the fine arts claims so high a place in the "Temple of Genius" as the art of painting. Its empire extends over every age and country. It offers to our eyes everything of a pictorial character in the world, and presents to us the heroic deeds of ancient and modern times, as well as the facts in which we are conversant, and distant objects as well as those which we see daily. This art was cœval with civilization, and practiced to a great extent, and with eminent success and skill, by the Greeks and Romans. However, it was obscured for many centuries, but revived in Italy about the fourteenth century. About that time there were a great many painters in Florence, of whom Giotto was the most distinguished. Some time after the death of this celebrated artist, a disciple of his, named Jacopo di Cassentino, who was assisted by several other painters, founded in that beautiful city the Florentine Academy, which is still standing. From that academy arose a large display of talent, increasing in worth till at length, about one hundred and fifty years after its foundation, it gave to the world four great lu-

minaries, Leonardo da Venci, Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian, whose genius it was to bring into maturity all that was excellent in painting, and to simplify the rules of art to their successors. From this time the art continued until it produced the Roman, Venetian and Tuscan schools. There have since been established, the German, Dutch, Flemish, French, Spanish and English schools. Mr. Newsam was an enthusiastic admirer of the last-mentioned school. He said that Sir Joshua Reynolds was the greatest portrait painter that England had ever produced, and that he was an elegant writer of three volumes, the principal of which were the Masterly Discourses delivered to the Royal Academy in London. He observed to us that he believed the American school of art had improved very much since the revolutionary war, and that it would soon equal, and, perhaps, transcend all those foreign schools in correctness of drawing, effect of coloring, and taste of design.

The method of representing objects in nature, and scenes in human life, either real or imaginary, with fidelity and passion, on canvas or other material, by means of oil colors, so as to produce a beautiful picture, is denominated the art of painting. It is a very difficult art in the execution, requiring the whole attention,

and can never be prosecuted except by those who love it, and are solely devoted to the performance of it.

This art is divided, according to its subjects, into historical painting, portrait painting, landscape painting, miniature painting, animal painting, and flower and fruit painting, the principles of each of which Mr. Newsam frequently explained to us in a very lucid manner. Historical painting is, in his opinion, the noblest, but most difficult of all the branches of the art, which requires much study and natural talent. He says that the historical painter must have technical skill, a practiced eye, and a free hand, and must understand how to arrange or group his skilfully executed parts so as to produce a beautiful composition agreeable to the eye, and that he must have the creative power of a poet. The poet speaks of the impression which a charming landscape, or a magnificent sunrise or sunset, or a brilliant rainbow, or any other lively object makes on his mind. Everything of which he speaks presents itself to his soul in a poetical form. This is the case with every person by whom this power must be cultivated, if he aims at being truly an artist. It is very difficult for a young painter to present, upon canvas, a picture which, he had thought, was distinct, in the

highest degree, in his mind. To acquire this skill requires long practice in drawing and painting; he must have numerous executed studies; be familiar with the folds of drapery, lights and shades, and the expression of feeling, and must have a good knowledge of anatomy.

The Academy of Fine Arts was founded in the city of Philadelphia some years ago, for the purpose of exhibiting pictures, statues, and other designs every year, in imitation of European academies. Mr. Newsam's attention to the annual exhibitions of the academy was punctual and unremitting. He told me that he had derived great pleasure from viewing the exhibition of every year since he had been in his adopted city. He frequently invited me to visit the academy with him, and took especial delight in expatiating on the merits of every picture which attracted his notice. He manifested sound judgment, taste and impartiality in his observations. In his criticisms, he was alternately gentle, severe and enthusiastic. He appeared to me to be free from jealousy. He said he was much pleased to remark the extraordinary variety shown in the practice of American artists, which was not to be seen in any other country. He believed that the independence of the national character was apparent in those works of art which, through all

their graduations of merit, showed that they were the productions of men who thought for themselves, and, regardless of the paths of art beaten by others, followed the bent of their own inclinations. I asked him why he never sent a picture of his own to the academy at the time of exhibition, as it would have extended his fame; to which he replied, that some years ago he had a crayon drawing that he had made, exhibited at the academy. At first, it could not be received, because it was supposed to be an engraving, but, after some difficulty, it succeeded in getting access. It must be remarked that many of his crayon drawings were so exquisitely executed, that they looked much like engravings. He said that lithographic drawings and engravings could not be admitted into the academy. Mr. Newsam was an ardent lover of nature. One summer Saturday he proposed going with me to take a ramble over the fields and meadows and into the woods. His invitation I accepted without any hesitation, for I was anxious to see what impression nature might make on his mind, as he was himself an artist. I found, to my satisfaction, that the pleasure of beholding the magnificent works of God showed itself very unreservedly in his sparkling eyes, and that he had a genuine love of flowers and fruit, and could explain all the

varieties thereof, distinguishing the slightest difference of form and hue. While walking along the romantic banks of the Schuylkill river, surrounded by such lofty trees as are indigenous to the soil of America, he made some sketches rapidly, with the precision of a faithful imitator of nature. These sketches showed that his talents were such as to enable him to work direct from nature; but he seldom had an opportunity to aim at any thing of an original character, as he had been busily engaged for many years in copying from prints, photographs and paintings. His fidelity to the originals was truly remarkable, and elicited much encomium in the artistic world. It may be judged, from his pictorial powers, that he was what is called a realistic artist.

As to Newsam's habits at his easel, it was his custom to detain his sitters for two or three hours at a time, and during the sitting he studied their looks anxiously, and seemed to do nothing without care and consideration, and would not dismiss hastily any picture, for which he was to be paid, until he became satisfied with it. He used to remark that "other artists paint to live, but I live to draw or paint." He was happy and charmed, he often said, with the work of the day, and described his art as the most delightful thing in the

world, because his customers came to him with their happy moods and pleasant faces, and went away always pleased to know that they looked so well in their pictures.

Although he was slow in praising and condemning the works which his brethren produced with the brush, he was forward enough to admire the pen of any critic that had a tendency to exalt the art and its professors in the eyes of the world. He condemned, in severe terms, the trashy works of careless or indifferent artists, which he held to be an insult to the dignity of art.

He loved always to think and speak of the talents and works of the chief leaders of the American school of art—such as Trumbull, Stuart, Cole, Sully, Inman, Peale, Lambdin, Neagle, and other celebrated artists, on whose merits it was his pleasure to expatiate.

He was a great lover of his profession, and even as ready to defend it as to add to its honor by the works of his hand. When he was told by some person, who did not appear to appreciate art, that a mechanic was a more useful and valuable member of society than an artist, he was offended, and replied with some asperity that "this remark comes from a narrow mind, which says that the bricklayer is superior to the architect, and that a skilful artist is in a

very enviable situation, and is held in much esteem by all those who are capable of appreciating excellence in art."

The gentle and conciliatory nature of Newsam, and his freedom from malice and every bad and unkind passion, prevented him from becoming an object of jealousy among his fellow artists, who regarded him with admiration and respect. Although some questions were agitated with some feeling among them, yet he mingled not in such bickerings, but maintained his tone and temper, and congratulated himself that his profession led neither to disorder nor to dispute—a circumstance doing much credit to his tact and prudence; for strife and bitterness will find other artists out in situations where peace ought to exist. He disliked to see such feelings among the artists, because he believed them to be injurious to the dignity of their profession, and also to their title of gentlemen.

He had a decided aversion to loquacious and boastful artists, and spoke very little himself while engaged at his easel. He observed that if they desired to be admired for what they said, they would have less desire to be admired for what they did.

He remarked, that the professional life of an artist is supposed to be unvaried, and full of

drudgery, but this is not the case. Painting is the most elegant and pleasant of all human pursuits, though it is not appreciated by a great many persons. A skilful and successful artist is in a very enviable situation. He is considered as a chief in his art; he is the favorite guest of the wealthy and the idol of the ladies, and is caressed by all who sit beside his easel.

Mr. Newsam gave me the following anecdote of Benjamin West, whose notions of a painter were grand when he was young:

As West was about to take a ride with a schoolfellow of his, to a neighboring plantation, he was asked to get behind him, which he refused to do. So he rode before the boy. While riding away, the boy told him that this was the last ride he would have for some time, for he was soon to be bound to a tailor, as an apprentice, to learn that trade. "A tailor!" exclaimed young West; "you will surely never be a tailor!" "Indeed, but I shall," returned the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?" "A painter." "A painter! what sort of trade is a painter? I never heard of it." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad," said the other; "there are neither kings nor emperors in America." "Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the

world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?" "Indeed, I do; there is nothing surer." "Then you may ride alone," said West, leaping down; "I will not ride with one willing to be a tailor."

Mr. Newsam said he did not agree with the future "companion of kings and emperors" on this point, for he believed that every useful trade was honorable, but that the profession of an artist was more honorable.

Mr. Newsam was greatly enthusiastic in his admiration of West's historical paintings. He loved often to relate to us a brief sketch of that great painter's life, in order to show that he was in high favor with the king, George III.

West was born in Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738. He was of Quaker parentage. Nature intended him for an artist, and he obeyed her dictates in spite of the religious scruples of his father. When he was about seven years old, he was watching the sleeping infant of his sister; it smiled, and struck with its beauty, he sought some paper and drew its portrait in red and black ink. In 1760, through the kind assistance of some merchants of Philadelphia and New York, he was enabled to sail for Italy. On his arrival at Rome, he was cordially received by Lord Grantham, to whom he had taken a letter of

introduction. While there, he painted the portrait of that excellent nobleman, which attracted general attention. After remaining in Italy two or three years, he proceeded to London, intending to return to his native country; but, finding that there was a great probability of his success as an historical painter in that great metropolis, he established himself there, and continued to reside there until his death.

In 1765, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Shewell, a young American lady, to whom he had been previously attached, and who joined him in England at his request. Among his warm friends was Archbishop Drummond, of York, by whose means he was introduced to George III., whom he ever found a steady friend and munificent patron. He continued for forty years to be the King's painter, until the monarch became insane, executing numerous works on historical and religious subjects. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, in London, and took his place March 24, 1792. On that occasion he delivered a very able address, which was much applauded. He retired from that post in 1802, in consequence of ill-feeling among the members; but in a short time he was restored to it by an almost unani-

mous vote, and held that high office until his decease.

During the peace of Amiens, he went to Paris for the purpose of beholding the magnificent collection of the master-pieces of art which Napoleon Bonaparte had placed in the Louvre, and was treated, in that gay city, with the greatest distinction by the most prominent persons of the Imperial Court of that great Captain.

West painted the celebrated picture of Christ healing the sick, for the Quakers of Philadelphia, to aid them in the erection of an additional building to the Pennsylvania Hospital in this city. It was exhibited in London, where the rush to see it was very great, and the opinion of its excellence so high, that he was offered fifteen thousand dollars for it by the British Institute. As he was far from being rich, he accepted the offer, on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for Philadelphia. He did so, and the great work is still exhibited in the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the profits arising from it have since enabled the Committee of that Institution to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

Among his other famous paintings are the Death of General Wolfe, in Canada, Death on

the Pale Horse, and the Battle of La Hoque, which have excited universal admiration since their appearance. West died in London, March 11, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried beside Reynolds, Opie and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

He was a man of exemplary character, and in disposition he was mild, liberal and generous. He seriously impaired his fortune by his kindness to young painters, whom he endeavored to assist in every way. Mr. Newsam related two other anecdotes, in order to show that a just value had been set on the superior abilities of artists by monarchs, statesmen, philosophers and poets, as well as by the great and the opulent in every age and country. Apelles and Titian were two of those illustrious masters of whom he took delight in speaking. Apelles was one of the greatest painters in ancient Greece. He flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. He was so attentive to his profession, that he never spent a day without employing his pencil. Beloved, honored, and employed by Alexander, he had the happiness of enjoying the fulness of renown to which he was so justly entitled. That monarch honored him so much, that he forbade any other artist but Apelles to paint his portrait. It is recorded that, as Apelles was

making a painting of that great captain riding on horseback, the King expressed not much satisfaction at the sight of it; and at that moment, a horse passing by, neighed at the horse which was represented in the picture, supposing it to be alive; upon which the painter exclaimed: "One would imagine that the horse is a better judge of painting than your majesty." Alexander, the envy and admiration of the world, treated this great artist with the familiarity of a friend, frequently visited him, and crowned his favors by a sacrifice to friendship of a most uncommon nature among men.

Titian was considered as the principal ornament of the age in which he flourished. When his merit was made known to the emperor, Charles V., that monarch knew how to pay respect to his genius. Titian painted the portrait of that powerful monarch several times. The Emperor was so much pleased with the likeness he made of him, that he honored him with his friendship, conferred on him the order of knighthood, and granted him a considerable pension. It is recorded, that one day while the Emperor was sitting for his picture, a brush happening to drop from the painter, he stooped, picked it up, and returned it, politely replying to the modest apology of the confused artist, who blushed at the condescension of so great

a monarch, that "The merit of a Titian is worthy of the attendance of an emperor."

Titian's home was Venice, where, in the language of Mrs. Jamison, who wrote the 'Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters,' "he lived splendidly, combined with the most indefatigable industry the liveliest enjoyment of existence," and maintained the rank due to his genius to the last day of his life, and died full of honors and years.

Mr. Newsam remarked that it is not an easy task to gain distinction in portraiture, because the vain feel offended at truth, and a sort of flattery must be resorted to as a means of reconciling the proud to their own looks. But it requires much skill and talent to come into competition with such celebrated artists as Sully, Inman, Peale, Stuart, Lambdin and others, who, patronized by the great and the opulent, have had all the rank and beauty of the country contending for place at their easels.

If any individual wishes to succeed well as a portrait painter, he must understand how to please his customers, and must practise the patience and the courtesy of a lady's physician. Portrait painting is of all employments the most painful and trying to a person of pride and sensitiveness, and the most irritating to an artist of a nervous and irascible temperament, for it

is a very vexing thing to hear beauties and merits in a portrait spoken of as deformities and blemishes, and to witness discontent among the bystanders because the painting does not exhibit the sweet smile of the sitter. Therefore it requires a great deal of study and attention to become a skillful and successful portrait painter, and the painter must understand the art of making his customers happy to know that they look so well in their pictures.

Such are the remarks and knowledge of the deaf mute artist.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWSAM'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

MR. NEWSAM never experienced a single spell of indisposition from infancy, and his constitution was remarkably robust until the autumn of 1857. In the close pursuit of his professional engagements, and with the enjoyment of excellent health and vigor, he met with a sad misfortune. On rising from his bed he felt a sudden decay in his right eye, and sat down for a little while in mute consideration. His eye was so seriously inflamed, owing to occasional working by gas light, as to render it necessary for him to desist altogether from drawing and painting. When we called on him, he gave us an account of the attack with which he was seized. He was on a visit to a friend of his the

evening previous; as he was in the act of attempting to read something, he held the paper beyond the gas burner, the light being between the eye and the paper. The next morning he felt a severe and acute pain in his eye which was at once attended with an almost entire loss of vision from that eye. Perceiving the serious nature of the attack, and the probable loss of the eye, and being deaf and dumb, and depending upon the use of his eyes to make a living as an artist, he found it necessary to visit Dr. Pancoast. He at once adopted the course of treatment suggested by that eminent surgeon, and strictly followed it for some time, as he was in hopes it would check the disease. He was also advised to live moderately, which he did not always observe up to the time of his last illness. At the time of the attack he was in the full blaze of his fame, and the productions of his pencil were the theme of admiration among all persons capable of appreciating excellence in art. His intimate friends were more alarmed than himself, and feared that he would never resume his profession. During his indisposition he did not complain or murmur, though he was very anxious to take his pencil again: he appeared to be resigned. He was, however, apprehensive that he was threatened with the loss of his eye. He was cheered up by the

anxious solicitude of his friends who often visited him; the amusement of their company was, in some respects, calculated to exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery. After several months he recovered partly from this affliction. Now he was enabled to renew his profession, to the gratification of his friends, who were rejoiced to hear of the restoration to health of a great artist, whose life they held to be as good as his works.

But, alas, in October, 1859, he was smitten with a still greater calamity which deprived him forever of the ability to earn a livelihood in the profession in which he had so distinguished himself.

He informed us that he retired to bed very early the night previous, feeling as well as usual, and knew nothing more until the next morning, when he was found on the floor. As soon as the servants entered the room, they found him lying unable to move. Dr. Mundy, an intimate friend of his, was called to see him in haste. His mind was confused; he was partly able to make himself understood by the Doctor, by spelling with his fingers, frequently unable to make the letters. It was found that the entire side of his body was paralyzed.

This terrible shock now completely prostrated and unnerved him. Through the kindness of

the physicians and managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Dr. Mundy procured admission for this gifted son of misfortune the same day. Here we found him lying an object of the deepest affliction and sympathy. He remained in that institution under the care of some of the most distinguished physicians about a year, but the disease was such as to baffle their skill. They pronounced him to be a confirmed paralytic.

All his friends were shocked and pained when they heard of his new misfortune. Many of them often called to see him and deeply sympathized with him in his affliction during the time that he was in the Hospital. Among them was Abraham B. Hutton, Esq., the excellent and highly accomplished Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, who had been one of his best friends for many years. Mr. Newsam had been to that institution many times to visit Mr. Hutton. The latter spent much time in conversing with him on the subject of his favorite art and other topics, and in giving him counsel. During his confinement in the Hospital Mr. Hutton frequently visited him, gave him many tokens of a sincere regard for him, and of a deep sympathy in his affliction, and kindly supplied him with newspapers and other articles which he needed. He was also a generous contributor

to the 'Newsam Fund,' while the patient was a boarder in the Living Home.

The following year Dr. Mundy received a note from the Steward of the Pennsylvania Hospital stating that it was the opinion of the physicians that Mr. Newsam was not likely to derive any further benefit from his residence in the Hospital, and that he was therefore requested to remove him in conformity with his bond to that effect. This request was immediately complied with, and this unfortunate artist was sent to West Philadelphia, where he remained until the summer of 1862.

"The fate of genius, alas, was now his sad portion." Those who knew him in his palmy days, could well imagine how bitter it must have been for him to lose the means of supporting himself in a proper manner, and to become an object of charity. During his sojourn in West Philadelphia, his spirits were often depressed: he was disgusted with his new residence, because he was fully convinced that the air in that place was highly injurious to health; therefore, he felt desirous of leaving it as soon as possible. He addressed a letter to Colonel Duffee, (which he wrote very plainly with his left hand,) expressing his earnest desire that he should go somewhere to reside in the country,

where, he hoped, he might be enabled to recruit his health.

The unfortunate condition of this poor mute was such as to call for amelioration at the hands of his kind friends, who felt that they must engage for him a residence in the country, where he might recuperate his shattered health, in accordance with the following suggestions emanating from himself, which we extract from his letter:—

"ESTEEMED FRIEND:—Your favor of the 3d inst., came duly to hand. I thank you kindly for the friendship you have manifested towards me. I, of course, am still confined here in this tainted atmosphere, and if I could get it arranged for me so as to leave this place for the summer and reside at some country farm house where I could breathe the fresh and pure air about fifteen or twenty miles from Philadelphia—I am fond of the country — I have no doubt it would benefit my health and make me feel happier than I do now; and if you and some friends can arrange this for me, I shall remember it until life's last hour, and will be thankful and grateful for your kindness."

It will be seen that this letter is a touching and eloquent appeal in itself and addresses itself to the hearts of the benevolent. It was

published in the newspapers of this city and met with a ready and generous response. A meeting of the friends of A. Newsam was held at the house of John A. McAllister, Esq., to take into consideration the means of enabling this poor, talented artist to accomplish the wish of his heart; the following gentlemen were appointed a committee for the purpose of placing him in some respectable boarding house in the country and receiving subscriptions in his behalf. Francis H. Duffee, Ferdinand J. Dreer, Edwin Greble, Julius Lee, John A. McAllister and Charles Grobe, whose names should ever be held in greatful remembrance as the friends of this poor deaf mute.

The biographical sketch of the life of A. Newsam that had been prepared by Colonel Duffee for the "Sunday Dispatch," a weekly newspaper, was issued by order of the committee in the form of a circular to the citizens of this city, with the intention of calling attention to the case of A. Newsam, which excited much sympathy. His noble-hearted friend Colonel Duffee also wrote several other articles for the public prints with a view to appeal to the humane and charitably-disposed persons in our community to step forward and assist the committee now engaged in so laudable an effort to alleviate the present sad and forlorn condition of this artist. The object

was indeed a benevolent one, and was immediately responded to in generous terms, and contributions were handed or sent by a number of persons of high respectability to the committee authorized to receive subscriptions to the Newsam fund.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the beloved friend and spiritual adviser of Newsam, and the celebrated Christian philanthropist, Rev. Edward C. Jones, took a lively interest in the movement being made to place Newsam in some pleasant location where his mind might be cheered up and his valuable existence prolonged. Newsam was much pleased to learn that efforts were now making among his good friends to collect a fund for his maintenance out of West Philadelphia, where he had been lying an invalid for so long a time, and to release him from pining away in neglect and poverty. He was made happy, and his whole face beamed with a sweet smile of gratitude.

Through the unwearied and effective measures of Mr John A. McAllister, Newsam was at last placed in the Living Home about a mile from Wilmington Delaware. It is an excellent institution for invalids, built and arranged by Dr. John A. Brown, from New England, with the intention of making it emphatically what indicates, a Home not exclusively for any par-

ticular medical system, but where all persons can choose such treatment and mode of living as they prefer, at reasonable charges.

Newsam had the satisfaction of finding a comfortable home, and in Dr. Brown a kind and careful physician, and in his lady an attentive nurse. He remained in that useful establishment until he was at length removed by death from all earthly scenes.

A short time after his removal to that institution he was so much pleased with its arrangements that he was induced to write a letter to the editor of the "Evening Bulletin" in this city, of which the following is a copy:

LIVING HOME, near Wilmington,
August 22, 1862.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin:—Some weeks ago, a card appeared in the "Bulletin," making a statement of my condition, and my expressed wish to find a pleasant home in the country, where I could possess the advantages of fresh breezes, pure air, kind attention, exhilarating rides, pleasant associations and commanding views. Such a place, through the kindness of my friends, I have found. It is called "The Living Home for the Sick and Well," near Wilmington, Delaware. It is located on a beautiful hill, just beyond the

western boundary of the city, having an unobstructed and well-defined view of the Delaware river and the forest-girt shores of New Jersey.

The building is large and commodious, well ventilated and clean, while every passing breeze halts to salute the inmates with its refreshing presence. Amusements, in profuse variety, abound. Ten-pin alleys, bagatelle tables, swings, all kinds of innocent games, all kinds of baths, carriage-riding through one of the most favored of nature's domains, well-filled tables, containing every variety of delicious viands, and cheerful attendants, are some of the characteristics of this Institution.

The proprietor is Dr. John A. Brown, who is constant in his attention to the inmates; and by his kind and gentlemanly intercourse and untiring efforts to make his guests comfortable, gives to the Living Home rare attractions.

I am greatly pleased, and would say to all my friends who wish to repair to some desirable resort, and to all who are without a home, by all means come to the Living Home; the advantages are superior to, and the prices much less than, those of any other Institution of a similar kind in this country.

To the sick and afflicted, I would say, "come." The proprietor is a physician of ex-

tensive experience, and under his charge you will soon realize, if curable at all, the blessing of returning health.

To my friends, who so promptly responded to the appeal made in my behalf in the "Bulletin," and found this delightful home for me, I return my heartfelt thanks.

ALBERT NEWSAM,
Mute Artist.

This letter is a beautiful specimen of the literary acquirements and the grateful heart of this unfortunate mute.

Newsam seems to have had, from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his approaching dissolution; and contemplated it with composure and submission to the will of the Supreme Being. He often indulged the hope that a kind Providence would yet restore him to health and his profession, to which he was devotedly attached. This hope, no doubt, enabled him to bear his long illness with a mild and cheerful fortitude, and without the least mixture of any thing irritable or querulous.

The paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of his right hand, and with it, cut off that chief source of pleasure, the power of cultivating his favorite art. During his confinement, which lasted about five years, his kind friends made

laudable exertions to render pleasant the many hours of sadness he was forced to spend without other solace, by furnishing him with things of which he was in need, such as clothing, books, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, pictorial papers, &c. He longed to look at his splendid collection of pictures, which he had left at his boarding-house; he continued to think and talk about the celebrated artists and their productions, and his mind always dwelt on his art. Consequently, his countenance was animated and lively, and his conversation with his friends gay and cheerful. The fame which he had acquired by the productions of his pencil in the lithographic line, that had long been the theme of admiration and interest among all artists, appeared to soothe him during the slow sapping of his malady; he was also happy in the society of his friends, who knew how to entertain him, and their cheerful conversation made him forget that he was ailing. His epistolary correspondence with his friends, Messrs. Duffee and McAllister, and other gentlemen, was extensive, showing that his mind was active and vigorous in spite of his bodily infirmity. In one of his letters to Colonel Duffee, he requested him to procure for him catalogues of English and French engravings, at Thomas & Sons' Auction Rooms. As he understood that

those auctioneers were about to sell a number of the late Rembrandt Peale's paintings and sketches, he asked the Colonel to forward him a catalogue of those works of art. He told him that Peale, whom he appears to have idolized, was the first person in this country who drew on stone, having drawn a portrait of General Washington in 1824.

It is probable that Mr. McAllister desired to make Newsam happy to know that the lithographic drawings, which he had made in his former days, were highly appreciated by all those who had seen them, for he spoke of them in terms of approbation and admiration in his letters to the great artist. He said to him: "You made a very fine likeness of Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, while he was Rector of St. Andrew's Church, in this city. Rev. J. A. Clark, a brother of Bishop Clark, says that your likeness of Bishop Clark is considered, by competent judges, the most faithful and satisfactory of all the pictures that have been published." Mr. McAllister again observed to him: "Your portfolio of lithographic drawings excites great interest. I have it at the store, and exhibit its contents to all those who appreciate the fine arts. Your lithographs are much admired. Lossing, the historian, passed an hour very agreeably in looking over them. He says

they are the finest lithographic likenesses he has ever seen."

Newsam began to make efforts at drawing with his left hand, about a year before his death, and succeeded remarkably well. His friends were surprised and gratified to learn that he was making a trial of his artistic skill in drawing several heads, among which was one of Major-General Pope. This portrait is said to be an excellent one, which, for likeness and beauty, is hard to surpass. When Mr. McAllister was informed that the likeness of that General was about to be sent to him, as a present, he wrote to Newsam: "I appreciate your kindness in drawing the head of General Pope. It will be very acceptable, I can assure you, and will find a welcome place on my walls. I am anxious to possess some specimens of your drawing, and especially any thing executed with the left hand will be of special interest to me." This shows that the likeness does credit to the genius of the mute artist.

Being anxious to visit my afflicted friend, I went to Wilmington with Mr. T., a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in the summer of 1864, and soon after our arrival in that city we proceeded to the Living Home, where we found him sitting in a chair. His face beamed with delight, and he assured us that

he was happy to see us. We were greatly grieved to perceive no improvement in his condition, and that he was quite helpless, and so much weakened in his memory, that he could not, without difficulty, recall any thing to recollection, which indicated that the fatal malady was soon to invade the functions of life. At the same time he was less cheerful than usual; he said that he was feeling the oppression of his complaint. In the course of our conversation we found that he was still inquisitive as to art. He earnestly desired us to tell him about the celebrated gallery of pictures at the Sanitary Fair, on Logan Square, of which he had heard so much. So we perceived that the love of art still engrossed his heart and mind, though he was fast approaching the grave at that period of time. After some hours' interview, we took leave of our dear friend in an affecting manner. It seemed to us that he was not aware that this might be our last visit, and that he was soon going to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." From this time we were destined to behold his noble form no more.

Such was the sad passing away of our distinguished friend.

So far as regards Newsam's views of religion, he was greatly reserved in his communications,

and often reticent. While in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, he was under the instruction of his distinguished master, Mr. Weld, who was highly concerned for his future welfare, and was so trained in the ways of wisdom and discretion, that he became a pattern of good morals, worthy of being held up for the imitation of his fellow-pupils. He was a protegé of the late Bishop White, and afterwards lost a generous benefactor in the death of that worthy and lamented divine. Through the excellent admonitions of this eminent prelate, he became an ornament to society, and also an honor to art. In my interviews with him, he frequently told me that he had always entertained the deepest respect and affection for the good Bishop since his decease. He spoke of the mildness and gentleness of his nature, and of the tenderness of his heart and his fervent piety, and said he wished he could become like him in this respect. He took pleasure in numbering that venerable man, and several other illustrious religious characters, among his friends. He made a very fine likeness of the Bishop, as a token of his gratitude, which is now in the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

We loved Newsam as a man, no less than we admired him as an artist. In all the relations of life he was exemplary in his morals, which is

not surprising, when we reflect that his actions must have been regulated by a sense of duty to himself as well as to his fellow-creatures. But in my private interviews as to religion, he was silent, although I endeavored several times to get him to speak freely on this important subject. However, he often alluded to the religious character and views of others without any reserve. I am fully convinced, from what he had occasionally observed, that he respected religion from the bottom of his heart. He was for some years in the habit of saying: "Man is wonderfully and fearfully made," and on several occasions he showed a degree of dread of hell. Sometimes he felt scruples about working on the Sabbath, as some of his fellow-artists were accustomed to do. He uniformly bestowed his praise on thoughts that are pious, and on actions that are sublime; but he never spoke of himself in regard to religion. I never understood how he could be so silent on that point.

But while Newsam was in West Philadelphia, there was one thing of great importance that demanded his serious attention. He turned his thoughts to the necessity of becoming a Christian, and began to feel interested in the things of the soul and eternity. How God touched his heart, he did not tell us.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet was unwearied and unremitting in his attention to Newsam's religious concerns during his illness. It is highly probable that, as Newsam was aware that bodily decay was now creeping over him, he wished to listen to that good man's counsels. Afterwards he felt it to be his duty to make a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. He was baptized by Dr. Gallaudet, soon after his removal to Wilmington, and presented by him to Rev. Bishop Lee for confirmation. Mr. Newsam requested Mr. McAllister to select one of his lithographs, as a present from him to Bishop Lee. Mr. McAllister accordingly chose the likeness of the Bishop of Barbadoes, that Newsam had made in his former days, got it framed in a neat manner, and sent it to him, that he might present it to the good Bishop on the occasion of his confirmation.

On the 17th of January, 1863, the rite of confirmation was administered to Mr. Newsam by that eminent prelate, in St. Andrew's Church, in Wilmington. On this occasion, the sign language was communicated to the candidate by Dr. Gallaudet. The ceremonies were of an unusually interesting character, and were witnessed by a large audience. The rapidity with which the services were interpreted by

Dr. Gallaudet was truly astonishing. His signs kept pace with the readings of the Bishop throughout.

Soon after the conclusion of the ceremonies, Bishop Lee informed Mr. McAllister that the congregation of St. Andrew's Church was very much interested in the services during Mr. Newsam's confirmation.

Newsam found, in the Bishop, a most excellent spiritual adviser, and, we trust, he was guided by his wise counsels up to the time of his decease.

Soon after the confirmation, Dr. Kilgore's account of the ceremonies was published in the newspapers of Wilmington and Philadelphia, and was read with great interest by Newsam's numerous friends, here and elsewhere.

Newsam expired at the Living Home, without any visible symptoms of pain, and without a groan, and full of faith in the merits of his blessed Saviour, at four o'clock on Sunday morning, on the 20th of November, 1864, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

This event spread a cloud over us all. The death of our dear friend filled with sorrow a host of friends. My long acquaintance with the deceased enabled me to learn to appreciate his qualities, which were many and noble. How sad, indeed, it is to reflect that they are

now stilled forever in death! However, his name, as a gifted and illustrious artist, will forever be inscribed on the scroll of fame in the history of art.

The following is a copy of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's letter, in reference to his religious interviews with Mr. Newsam during his illness:

MR. J. O. PYATT—*My Dear Sir:*—In accordance with your wishes, I will try to give you an account of my interviews with our departed friend, Albert Newsam, having particular reference to his religious views. About a year after the terrible shock, which deprived him of the power of cultivating his favorite art, I met him in West Philadelphia, where he had gone as a confirmed paralytic. My heart was filled with sadness at seeing the change which disease had made in his noble form. His mind I found, however, to be clear and vigorous. We had some conversation on religious subjects, and he requested me to offer a prayer with him. The falling tears showed that he engaged heartily in this act of devotion. It was my privilege to visit him several times at that place, and to find that, though he was not demonstrative, still he was quietly advancing in the right direction as a seeker after divine truth. Our heavenly Father was, for the sake

of his dear Son, evidently drawing our brother nearer to himself.

After awhile, some kind friends of Mr. Newsam, residing in Philadelphia, provided for him a comfortable home in Wilmington, Delaware. Here I had the pleasure of baptizing him, and presenting him to Bishop Lee for confirmation. From this time onward, through the weary months which characterized his slow yet steady decline, I believe that he grew in grace, and found peace of mind in the religion of Jesus Christ. He was very desirous of receiving the Holy Communion before he died, but Providential circumstances prevented. A few days before he was gathered to his fathers, I knelt by his bedside for the last time, and offered prayer with him. He was calm and composed, and had the Christian's hope of eternal life.

Yours truly,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

The following is a copy of the letter of Rev. George A. Durborow, a friend of A. Newsam, which I received sometime since:

Mr. J. O. PYATT—*Dear Sir:*—Learning from a mutual friend that you are preparing for publication a memoir of the talented mute artist, Mr.

Albert Newsam, it affords me pleasure to send you an account of a visit I made to him but a few days preceding his decease in November, 1864. When I was informed, by Mr. John A. McAllister, that Mr. Newsam's strength was failing rapidly, I went at once to see him. Upon my arrival at the "Living Home," near Wilmington, Del., I was very pleasantly received by Dr. Brown, and was shown to the room where I found our friend very ill, indeed, and so feeble that he could not leave his bed. At first he did not recognize me, but soon recollected me very distinctly, and entered into conversation freely. Of course our conversation was of a religious character, as it was very evident that time was very short for him. In answer to my remark of his failing health and speedy departure, he took his pencil and wrote: "We all must die," and, as he handed it to me, a cheerful smile lit up his countenance, as if he looked forward with joy to that event as the one in which he would bid adieu to earthly cares, and enter upon the enjoyment of heaven. His replies to all my questions, respecting our condition by nature, the object of the Saviour's death, and the renewing work of the Holy Spirit, were of the most satisfactory kind, and evinced a knowledge and experience that both delighted and surprised me; all of them indicating that he

felt himself a sinner saved by grace. When I proposed engaging in prayer, he at once handed me his "Prayer Book," which he said he prized highly and used always; and, having pointed out to him the prayers I intended to offer, I knelt by his bedside and prayed, he following by reading the same prayer; the tears starting from his eyes showed how sincere and fervent were his devotions. After this I left him, reposing like the beloved disciple on the bosom of his Saviour, his mind kept in perfect peace, looking to Jesus as his all in all, and feeling perfectly secure, because he was "accepted in the Beloved." Nor was it in his case a feeling of presumption, but the experience of the Apostle, when he said, "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." Rom. xvi. 16. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." 1 John, iii. 14.

I left him, feeling that my visit was not only satisfactory, but hoping it was comforting to him, as it was profitable and encouraging to myself. In but a few days, before I could see him again, his gentle spirit passed away, I have no doubt, to another and a better world than this, where, with the company of those who have washed their robes, and made them white

in the blood of the Lamb, it will sing the song of redeeming love throughout eternity.

Yours, with regard,

GEORGE A. DURBOROW,

Pastor Church of the Redemption, Phila.

THE OBSEQUIES OF A. NEWSAM.

Immediately after the death of A. Newsam, the Committee came to the conclusion that he should be buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, a beautiful and lovely resting-place for the dead, about five miles from this city. Accordingly they went to Wilmington, to cause the remains of the gifted A. Newsam to be brought to Philadelphia for interment. The funeral took place from the residence of John A. McAllister, Esq., in Twenty-first Street, below Chestnut. On the 22d of November the arrangements for the obsequies were perfected. After a private religious service was performed by Dr. Gallaudet, the coffin was put into a fine hearse, drawn by two black horses, and was followed by some carriages containing a number of the deceased's friends, to St. Clement's Church, at the corner of Twenty-first and Cherry Streets, where the coffin was placed on the bier and carried into the church. Here the ceremonies, attendant upon the occasion, were of a very solemn, interesting and im-

pressive character, and were ably conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by Drs. Cooper, Durborow, and Edward C. Jones. There must have been assembled between five and six hundred persons, among whom we noticed a number of our most prominent citizens, and also there were present many deaf mutes. The sublime services of the Church in its funeral rites were interpreted to the deaf mutes in the sign language by Dr. Gallaudet. After this that gentleman pronounced a eulogy, giving a brief biographical sketch of the deceased, interspersed with appropriate reflections, all of which were listened to with deep interest. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies, which occupied about an hour, the persons present were allowed to file around the coffin and take a last look at the noble form of the deceased. It seemed to us that not a feature of his face was discomposed, but he lay beautiful in death as he had been beautiful in life. His countenance appeared to beam with ineffable sweetness, showing that he bore the blow with the fortitude of a sincere Christian; and we felt in our hearts that his gentle spirit was now with God who gave it, in the paradise of those who sleep in Jesus, and shall be forever with the Lord. Then the coffin was screwed down and placed again in the hearse, and conveyed to Laurel Hill Cemetery,

attended by a few friends, to whom he was warmly endeared for his remarkable talents, urbanity and amiability, as well as for his moral and gentlemanly deportment. There, amid the tears and smothered sobs of his friends, were consigned to their last place, in a beautiful spot surrounded by the graves of a number of distinguished persons, the remains of one of the most talented, genial, and beloved artists in the United States.

We quote the following eloquent words of our friend Col. Duffee, with respect to this burial: "The interment took place just as the twilight was deepening into the gloom of night, rendering the scene to our imagination fraught with more sad solemnity than is usually attendant on such occasions. The immortal part, however, had flown to purer regions, where change or sorrow are unknown. He has gained the Heavenly City to be a dweller therein forever. May he rest in peace. Alas! poor Newsam. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

We understand that Mr. Newsam's friends are now having it in contemplation to erect a suitable monument to his memory, which will serve to perpetuate the fame of one who was so fondly endeared to his personal acquaintances for many traits of character, and distinguished so particularly as an artist of the highest order

of merit. They are making efforts to obtain a handsome sum of money for that purpose.

A few days after Mr. Newsam's death, I received a very interestiug letter from Mr. John Carlin, from which we take the following extract, expressing his grief at the decease of this great artist, of whom he had been an intimate friend since their pupilage in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and his admiration of his personal appearance and character, and of his talents as an artist:

"Apropos of death, although we had long expected to hear the news, we were shocked and pained at the sudden death of our oldest friend, Albert Newsam. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave me, yesterday, the copies of the Philadelphia Daily News, stating who and what Mr. Newsam was, and describing his funeral. I do not remember any funeral of a mute, either here or abroad, which was equal to that in the extent of public respect. Indeed, our friend—nay, his memory—deserved it. Perhaps you will give me more particulars of his death, funeral, and other things, which have, no doubt, been discovered since his decease. It is hard to realize the fact that we shall never behold once more his noble countenance—a manly cast of the head, with a bold Roman nose, eagle eyes, a Napoleonic chin, and a mouth truly feminine

—peculiarly sweet in its expression, and always smiling. Oh! was it not an index of a good and amiable heart? It is impossible to forget his courtly person and grandeur of bearing. He is gone, but his name, rendered illustrious by his remarkable talents and long occupancy of the front rank as a lithographic artist, lives and will live on."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARACTER OF A. NEWSAM.

I AM conscious of my inability to give a complete analysis of Mr. Newsam's character; but from my long acquaintance with him and close observation of his manner of living, I hope to to obtain some degree of success. In his death the country has lost one of the most talented and skilful artists, Philadelphia a good citizen, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution a bright ornament. He was held in esteem by all those whose privilege it was to know him, for being a man of high excellence and purity of character and superior talents, his conduct in life was marked by an undeviating course of temperance, and his deportment was, at the same time, characterized by mildness and affability, and his manners were winning and courteous.

He has left to the deaf and dumb community, of which he was a member, the "legacy of an eminent and unspotted name."

He had too much innocence of heart to excite jealousy; and too much simplicity and mildness of manners to provoke any enmity. It is a remarkable fact that he had no enemies in the world. He was free from vanity, and more particularly free from that vanity which induces a man to think that he is superior in wisdom to all others. In company he was often exposed to the sarcasms of some of his friends, who "set him as a sort of target to shoot their wit-bolts at." All this and much more he endured mildly. He had such a happy equanimity of temper that nothing in the shape of satire could disturb him. He was a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman. It seemed to us that he had a genuine consciousness of genius upon him, for he sometimes alluded to it himself, and had considerable conceit as to his personal appearance, (it must be admitted that this was only a weak point in his character,) but he never rendered it offensive. He had no insulting egotism, and no pompous pride and haughtiness. He was, however, not indifferent to approbation and the good opinion of his friends. He was often reticent in large companies, but his silence had nothing surly in it, for such was

his diffidence that he was apt to be embarrassed and sometimes at a loss to know what to say or to do, therefore he could hardly converse in a free and easy manner. However, with a friend or two he was companionable, lively and entertaining in his intercourse. He disdained all trickery and meanness of conduct, and desired to do nothing unworthy of a true and honorable gentleman. He used often to observe that it is dishonorable to invade the sacred privacy of domestic life, that an artist, or any other man, who is admitted to the privacies of any family should consider himself as in a confidential capacity, close his lips and abstain from private gossip, and that the privacy of the family should not be exposed to the rude gaze of the vulgar, nor should the secrets be divulged to the prying eyes of the curious.

In his personal appearance he was neat and gentlemanly; but sometimes careless in his dress without being conscious of it. In person Newsam was a man of fine proportions, though inclined to corpulency in his latter days. He was about the middle size, with a handsome figure, an open and noble countenance, and a Roman nose; and his head was finely shaped with thick black hair. There was always a winning sweetness in his smile. His grey eyes were lustrous, sparkling and vivacious, and had

a deep penetrating glance. There was an air of dignity about him truly remarkable. Mr. Joseph Tindall, a mute and friend of Mr. Newsam, thus remarks: "I was well acquainted with Mr. Newsam for at least forty years, during which time I was in the habit of observing his manner of living. Integrity was one of the prominent traits in his character. Personally he was a gentleman of pleasing manners, intelligent and agreeable conversation, and of kind thought and feeling. He had a very strong aversion to dissipation or immorality of any kind. He frequently expressed his great regret that very little attention was paid to the progress of the fine arts at the present time in this country."

Mr. A. observes of Mr. Newsam: "He was perfectly temperate as to spirituous liquors. I never knew him to taste liquor—not even beer. He had a decided and strong repugnance to all liquors, and turned earnestly from them."

"Mr. Newsam could articulate all the letters of the alphabet, and did so on several occasions in the presence of members of the family with whom he lived; but it was attended with great effort and pain. The sound was harsh and grating, though distinct. I was never able to induce him to make the effort for my gratifica-

tion; he always shrank from it and intimated feelings of distaste and a degree of dread.

"On one occasion, an amusing incident occurring under his observation and coming suddenly upon him amidst the surprise and excitement incident to it, he uttered an ejaculatory word expressive of his emotions. This is not now in memory, but was synonymous with 'oh,' but composed of more letters and longer. The circumstance was this: the family owned a cat which was much petted, and consequently a familiar in the household. She evinced more than wonted sagacity and was remarkable for this. Whilst seated at breakfast on one occasion, a sharp thump upon the door leading from the room to the yard, vibrated upon every ear, reaching Newsam's and causing him involuntarily to turn his face toward it; whilst all were mutely looking in the direction, the door slowly opened, disclosing the cat fixed upon the door, one foot clasping the handle of the latch and the other laid cunningly upon the lever by which it was lifted, and in her mouth, safely fixed, she held a large and struggling rat she had just pounced upon."

The following is a copy of the letter which Mr. John Carlin wrote, some time since, at the request of the author of this memoir:

MR. JOSEPH O. PYATT—*Dear Sir:*—I am much pleased to hear that you have just completed the life of Albert Newsam, with great credit to yourself, and also to the class of beings to whom we both belong. I trust it will be read with interest by all and with profit by students of art.

The subject of your work was my classmate under Seixas, Clerc and Weld. I well remember his gentleness of disposition and good behavior at school; his enthusiastic passion for prints and his efforts to possess them, even in spite of his poverty, and his patient study in drawing under George Catlin, now famous by his long residence among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. He was not a brilliant scholar, like poor William Darlington, but he was as attentive to his lessons as might be expected of a young artist whose soul was wholly absorbed in his darling art.

It was the habit of Mr. Weld, our good teacher, at his weekly exhibitions, to make Albert Newsam draw on the large slate the portraits of distinguished men, and he invariably won the admiration of the audience by the cleverness of his efforts.

His singular history and friendlessness gained my young heart, and I always gave him all the pennies I had in my pockets to facilitate his

purchase of prints, especially the engraved portraits of military men, chiefly Napoleon the Great, whom he always pronounced to be the greatest captain the world had ever produced. His love of Napoleon continued almost to his death, and was demonstrated by his purchase of a great many engravings, small and large, in which his idol figured amid battle smoke. I believe that a great part of them was destroyed by the conflagration of the lithographic establishment in which he had a studio. While at school Albert used to express his intention to be a portrait painter, and I to be an engraver; but after our graduation circumstances made him first an engraver and then a lithographer, and myself a portrait and miniature painter. To my utmost knowledge he had no enemies on earth, for he was by nature unable to do much mischief; always non-committal and reserved. In conversation he was generally animated, and when the subject of art was touched, he was full of enthusiasm. His style of delivery in signs was pleasing to the eyes. By his long association with persons of refinement he acquired ease of manners without mannerism; dignity without stiffness, and modesty without prudery. His whole life since his graduation was spent in his studio, print stores and art galleries, so that it was one of monoto-

ny. And since the details of his distressing illness and death are given in your book, I shall add nothing to my letter, save this, that it gave me satisfaction to learn that he died in Jesus. Yours truly,

JOHN CARLIN,
Mute Artist.

My Dear Sir:—I would be very happy to gratify your request by furnishing you with some details concerning the life of our late friend Albert Newsam, but I fear I will fail to interest your readers. Although I have had thirty-five years constant intercourse with him, our relations were altogether on business matters; however, I will briefly give you a few notes; you may make whatever use of them you see fit.

When I arrived in this country in 1831, to take charge of Messrs. Childs & Inman's lithographic establishment, Albert Newsam was their principal artist, and had exclusive charge of the drawing of portraits on stone, which was the main branch of the business in those days, and he was remarkably successful in obtaining resemblances. If we make due allowance for his natural infirmity, and the absence of all the advantages of public galleries of fine arts, and private collection of paintings, which all Euro-

pean artists enjoy so abundantly, as well as the facility of study under superior and talented masters, we may say that he was, indeed, remarkable. I remember but few instances when he failed to obtain a perfect likeness; but his talent was almost exclusively in drawing portraits, nevertheless he has produced several lithographic drawings of animals, which have not been surpassed, if indeed equalled, up to this day—among others, a black bear, drawn for the American Sunday School Union, in 1834; for natural expression and character, it is a perfect miniature of nature itself.

Newsam's principal talent was in copying. He was so faithful in reproducing the original that if there was any part of it that had to be altered, he could rarely fail in making the alterations. It was with difficulty he could avoid copying minutely. I have seen him copy the finest copper-plate engraving—a style so different from lithographs—with such perfection that his copy could scarcely be detected. When he had to copy portraits from life, which was often the case before the invention of daguerreotypes or photography, his infirmity had great influence upon the expression of his subject, which may be easily accounted for, not being able to converse with persons sitting for him, their physiognomy would invariably assume the

expression of wearisome monotony, and it was with difficulty that he could avoid copying the same expression in his lithographic portrait. Persons who have sat for an artist will easily understand how tedious a task it is to sit for a mute artist; it is a well-known practice of portrait painters to keep their model lively and animated by conversing with them on a topic of a pleasant nature; therefore, it is not to be wondered at that some of the portraits he took from life should sometimes lack expression and animation. He was a great admirer of all European artists who have excelled in lithography, and most part of his earnings was spent in procuring some of their master-pieces. When he would see a new print that excited his admiration, the temptation to purchase it was irresistible. Poor fellow! He had the misfortune to be robbed of nearly all of his collection a few years before his death, by an impostor, who, under the cover of friendship, obtained his treasures for safe keeping, and then sold them before Newsam discovered his treachery.

He had a great desire to visit Europe, and view the numerous galleries of fine arts, of which he had read so much.

In his art he possessed untiring patience. He would change and alter his drawings as

often as desired, although often to their detriment, he complied with perfect docility with the desire of his patrons. Though patient, he was susceptible of intense feeling; he was slow in becoming excited. I can remember but one occasion when I saw him angry; on this occasion two apprentice boys, having tantalized him for sometime, attempted to play some boyish pranks. He got very angry, and they would have been severely punished had I not entered the room at the time, and prevented it. He was not entirely deaf; he could hear a moderate sound of a whistle or a bell, and when we wished to attract his attention, we generally succeeded in doing so by giving a sharp whistle. This partial hearing was taken advantage of on one occasion by a person calling himself a doctor, who, pretending that he could cure deafness, undertook to operate on Newsam's ears, but, to my knowledge, did not improve his hearing. This doctor, nevertheless, took advantage of that partial hearing to give it publicity as one of his cures. I remember receiving a number of visits and communications from persons desiring to ascertain the fact, but I could not corroborate this doctor's statements.

Newsam was of a retiring nature and almost distant, which made some people suppose that he

was proud; but with those with whom he was intimate, he was always frank and cordial.*

Newsam had a strong, well-knitted frame, of much muscular strength, and possessed a very healthy constitution, and was considered rather handsome; but possessing a strong appetite, the indulgence in rich food and the want of proper exercise finally undermined it. It must be borne in mind that the work of a lithographic artist is done in a sitting posture and almost motionless, like the work at a writing-desk, and to pass direct from the dining to that of the work-table, without any interruption, is more than the strongest constitution can stand, and my conviction is that Newsam abridged his life by this injudicious habit. He took little or no exercise, was very temperate in regard to liquor; he never indulged in wine or any strong drink. He was a moral and God-fearing man. He had a very high sense of honesty and rectitude, and when he read or was told of some dishonest act, he would shrug his shoulders in a particular manner, in pointing to heaven, meaning that the guilty party would have to account to the Supreme Being.

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* He had an easy and agreeable expression, and, unlike most persons afflicted in a similar manner, he expressed himself without any effort. All the employees of the establishment understood readily any directions he wished to give, without resorting to signs or writing.

He was a man of strong nerves, and not easily impressed; the only instance I can remember having seen his feelings overcome was when the poor fellow entered the Pennsylvania hospital for the treatment of his disease. When he was found on the morning of the . . . . prostrated and powerless on the floor of his chamber, stricken with paralysis, Dr. Munday, who was boarding at the same house, was Newsam's first medical attendant, and be it recorded to his praise, he performed his duties in a noble and generous-hearted manner. A mother or wife could not have done more. I never have met with a more attentive physician. At the time of the occurrence I was also sent for, and the doctor, after a careful examination of the case, concluded that we had no alternative but to take him to the hospital; having dressed him, a carriage was sent for, and we drove to the hospital. Poor Newsam bore his affliction with the greatest fortitude, and smiled at us until the carriage entered the gate, when his fortitude forsook him, tears fell from his eyes. Never have I noticed in any human being such an expression of resigned grief; but it was but a passing cloud; his countenance soon regained its former composure.

The last scene ended our intercourse, with the exception of a few visits I made him at the

hospital, and few notes of correspondence that passed between us while he was boarding at the Living Home near Wilmington.

Receive, my dear sir, my best wishes for the success of your book, and believe me,

Respectfully, your friend,

P. S. DUVAL.

Prof. JOSEPH O. PYATT.

The following paragraph, on the character, &c., of our late and mutual friend, Mr. Albert Newsam, was written, a short time since, for this book, by George J. Becker, Professor of Drawing, Writing and Book-Keeping at Girard College, in compliance with the request of a friend of his:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Albert Newsam commenced in 1833, and for several years from that time, I had the pleasure of seeing him almost daily. Subsequently, our respective circumstances were such as to make our intercourse less regular. This, however, did not diminish the very high estimate I had formed of his character as a man. His friendship was staunch, cordial and sincere, his integrity unimpeachable. Among his friends, confiding as a child in matters that related to himself, he yet held sacred and inviolable everything that

was confided to his honor. In his skill as an artist, in portraying the human face, he had no superiors. His ambition was ever to hold an enviable position in the front rank of the great masters of the day. He was exceedingly frugal, indeed, almost penurious, in regard to personal expenses, but lavish to prodigality in expenditures upon works of art. Money had no value in his eyes, when placed in competition with a picture which he coveted, and to possess it, he would deny himself comforts that he often needed. At one time he had, without doubt, a finer and larger collection of prints, lithographs and engravings, executed chiefly by foreign artists, than any other artist or connoisseur in the land could boast of. To study these was his delight, whenever a moment's leisure allowed him to do so. Often have I shared this pleasure with him, and found my own interest enlarged from contact with his. The greater part of this magnificent collection, as I learned from himself, was destroyed, either by fire or water, at the great fire which destroyed Duval's lithographic establishment; and this loss was to him a calamity which only an enthusiast could feel.

"He possessed a happy frame of mind, and was gentle and kind to all, enjoying the calm of an even temperament, the pleasures of a re-

fined social intercourse, and the satisfaction arising from a genuine devotion to art."

The following lines were written by the benevolent Rev. Edward C. Jones, after reading Colonel Duffee's biographical sketch of Albert Newsam's life in the "Sunday Dispatch":

Nature may not impart the blessed sense
  Which binds by speech man to his fellow-man,
While her exuberant inheritance
  Of heaven-mind may lead of sense the van,
And amply compensate for that stern boon,
Which comes to human hearts like fell eclipse at noon.

So Genius deeming thine a bitter lot,
  Artist from whom the vocal power withdrew,
Relentingly forbid that such a blot
  Should hide all beauty from thy charmed view,
And thus her torch she brought to gild thy way,
Giving thee for one night the beams of double day.

By that mysterious training that can give,
  Through sign and symbol, culture full and free,
Thy inner heart began to thrive and live,
  And blossoms of the harvest yet to be
Put forth as earnests of a store of mind,
Where others, favored more, were left far, far behind.

In Art's ideal region, calm and warm,
  Thy pencil toiled for many a passing year,
And beauty in its fully outlined form
  Was to thy soul at every season dear,
While fame at last took up her chart to tell
That honor on thy brow was fitted true and well.

I saw thee stricken, when the palsied side
  Was a dead weight, to hinder and impede:
Then even kindled with its olden pride,
  Thine eye at mention of artistic deed,
And, patient, at this second stroke of fate
Thy acquiescence, like thy faith, was great.

For genius had for thee no blighting power,
Effacing all the lines devotion claims,
Religion had its tranquillizing hour,
And onward, upward were thy chosen aims;
Still to the bower-anchor of the skies,
Holding with hand more firm as thickened miseries.

A generous band of brothers op'ed the door
Of a thrice-genial home for thee at last,
And like the bark which leaves a rugged shore,
Its anchor 'neath a tropic sky to cast,
So may the hearth its joyous spell diffuse,
And in the present sweet, the past its bitter lose.

Nor let this mercy ever flag because
The strenuous heart of love forgets its thrill,
The stricken speech bereft of potent voice,
Still pleads his need, implores our kindness still,
While Christ of Nazareth puts upon such deed
The stamp of sanction high, virtue's selected meed.

The following stanzas, occasioned by the recent confirmation of Albert Newsam, at St. Andrew's Church, in Wilmington, were respectfully inscribed to John A. McAllister, Esq., by the late Rev. Edward C. Jones, A. M.:

Solemn the rite when penitents draw near
To pledge renewal of their olden love;
But never did such ordinance appear,
Partaking so much of a type above
The common Ritual, as when to the Rail
Prest the afflicted but the gifted one,
Whose spirit knew that earthly sense might fail,
Yet highest heart-work be completely done.

Thy kindling eye interpreted each sign,
Which, like a vehicle of magic, brought
To thy perception all the truth Divine
Which with the ordinance was interwrought;

And as the eloquence of tokens came,
Unfolding all the import of the hour,
Thine eye had all the Artist's ray of flame,
Evincing love and faith in choicest dower.

Nor was that friend now absent from thy side,
Whose sympathetic soul was all aglow,
When thus avowing Him, the Crucified,
He saw thy tears in unison o'erflow,
That friend had seen the wave of baptism pass
Across thy brow, with interest tried and true,
He could not see thy palsied frame, alas!
Nor keep from sight his eye's o'ermoistening dew.

Dumb! no! thy inward lips had anthem high,
Deaf! no! the chimes of conscience pacified,
Rang in the spirit's recess, melody,
And in a cadence soft as angel's, died—
Ah! no, not died, for such internal strain
Keeps pealing onward to the inner sense,
Subdued as voices from some fairy main,
Speaking the heir of God's inheritance.

The Church receives thee to her sheltering breast,
Parent maternal she will not desert,
Thy name is on the record-list confest,
Thy loins with righteous armor ever girt,
And in the higher clime where senses come,
As mighty influxes of strength and power,
The Artist shall be housed secure at home,
Where sorrow's leaden cloud may never lower.

The following lines were addressed to Albert Newsam by Mr. William Silver, Jr., of Wilmington, a short time after his confirmation:

How wondrous are the ways of that great power
Who rules immensity, and yet whose care
Is portrayed in the tiniest living flower
That sheds its perfume on the summer's air:
Some of His acts towards poor finite minds
May seem severe, nay, may seem cruel;

But ah! reflect, point out an act unkind
Of all his dispensations, even you,
Born deaf and dumb, though thus deprived of speech
And hearing, yet how great has been his care
In placing other means within your reach,
In order that your life may not be dreary.
Gifted by Him with natural love of art,
Acknowledged master of the likeness still,
Y'd rather fill the place you nobly fill
In arts great temple than to be a king,
With subjects waiting to obey thy nod;
For when at length your spirit shall take wing
To its Creator, our Great Sovereign, God,
Your works shall live, and as the years pass by
And coming near, forget thy lowly name,
Their worth will give your's immortality,
And stamp your *genius* with the seal of fame.

The following piece of poetry was written some time since by Mr. John Carlin, in accordance with the desire of the author of this memoir:

ALBERT NEWSAM.

Calm in repose thou liest in the drear tomb,
Still as a country church at cloudy night,
O'er which no twinkling stars their feeble light
Shed to alleviate the ghastly gloom.
No more to view thy courtly form will come
With smiles illumining thy Roman face;
No more thy eagle eyes o'er art will roam,
Feasting on every witching line of grace.
But joyous floats thy soul on the bright air
With saintly spirits round the Throne divine,
And in our mem'ry rests thy name so fair,
Rests treasured deep in truest Friendship's shrine.

JOHN CARLIN,
A Born Mute.

CONCLUSION.

The author of this memoir having now brought his "labor of love" to a close, in what he trusts is a fitting tribute to the memory of one who was endeared to him by the many ties of companionship and association, cannot refrain from expressing his gratification at having completed this task so pleasantly allotted to himself. He begs leave to assure the indulgent reader that all the facts and incidents in these pages may be regarded as a faithful history of one who has reflected so much honor on his "chosen art" and his "Alma Mater" the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He hopes that this work may prove an incentive to others who may be similarly situated and kindle anew the fire of inspiration that may be dormant in the bosoms of those whose lips, though sealed by a voiceless tongue may yet utter their sentiments of genius in language perfectly intelligible to every mind, and thereby encircle their brows with the enduring wreath of fame.

Albert Newsam's name and memory will no doubt be enshrined in the heart of every mute who peruses this tribute to his genius. The productions of his pencil in fact are in themselves monuments of artistic skill and grace; they show that the art which he so fondly loved had been carried to a high degree of perfection by his masterly talents. They will ever adorn his memory with the perennial flowers of affection and admiration.

The author concludes by bidding adieu to the reader and hoping that this little book will be entertaining and profitable to every one into whose hands it may fall.

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